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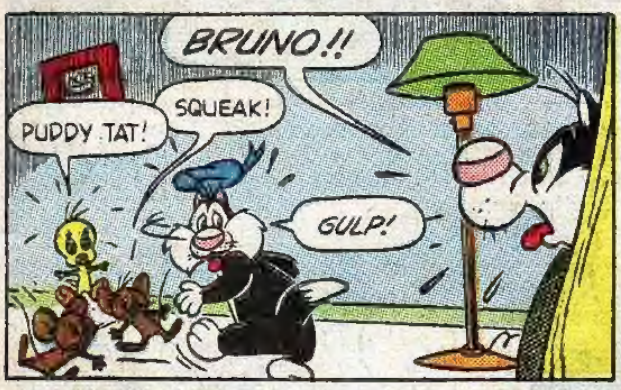
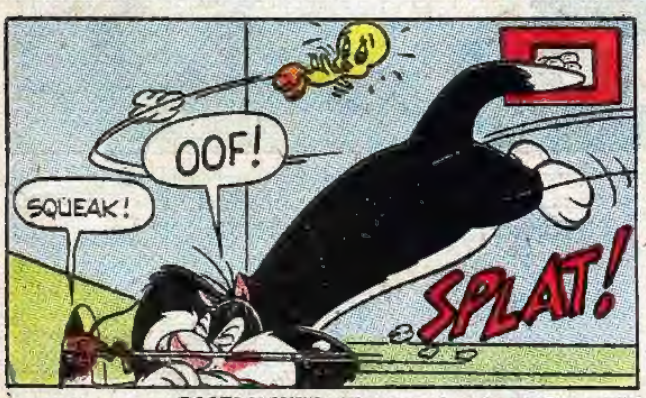
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

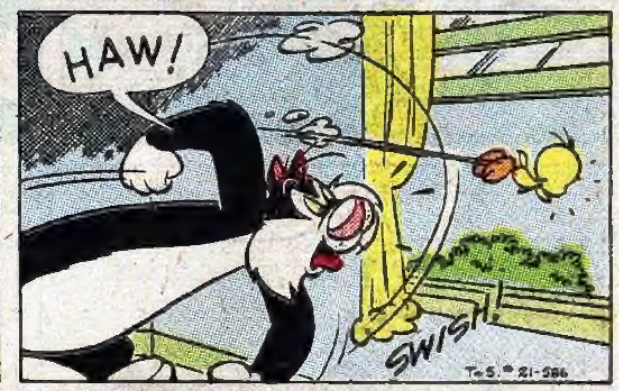
TWEETY and SYLVESTER in THE CHAMPION CHUMP

I'LL WRITE COUSIN KITTY A LETTER AND TELL HER HOW NICELY MY LITTLE NEPHEW, BRUNO, IS GETTING ALONG ON HIS VISIT WITH ME... UH-OH!

♪ ROUND AND 'ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH THE MONKEY CHASED THE WEASEL... ♪







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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

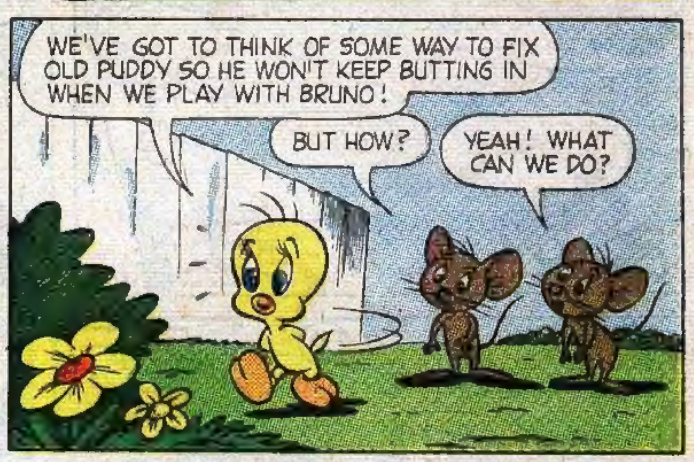
THERE! THAT'S HOW YOU TREAT TWEETY BIRDS AND MICE! YOU DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH THEM!
BUT, SYLVESTER...

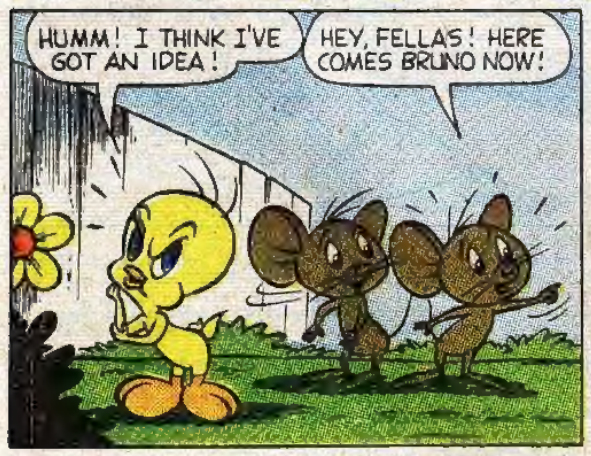
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT TO FRATERNIZE WITH YOUR FOOD?
SIGH!

OH, THE SHAME OF IT! HERE I AM, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION TWEETY BIRD AND MOUSE CATCHER, AND MY VERY OWN NEPHEW MAKES PALS WITH THE ENEMY!
SNIFF!

YOU DON'T WANT TO GROW UP AND BE A FAILURE AS A PUSSYCAT, DO YOU?
GOLLY, NO, SYLVESTER, BUT.
GEE!
GULP!

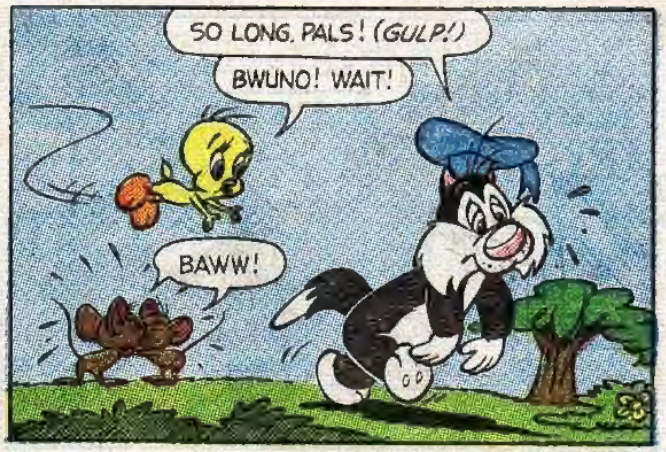
MEAN OLD PUDDY SURE GETS MAD WHEN HE CATCHES OUR LITTLE PAL, BRUNO, PLAYING WITH US!
YEAH! WE CAN NEVER HAVE ANY FUN WITH SILLY OLD SYLVESTER AROUND HERE!


WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO FIX OLD PUDDY SO HE WON'T KEEP BUTTING IN WHEN WE PLAY WITH BRUNO!
BUT HOW?
YEAH! WHAT CAN WE DO?


HUMM! I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
HEY, FELLAS! HERE COMES BRUNO NOW!

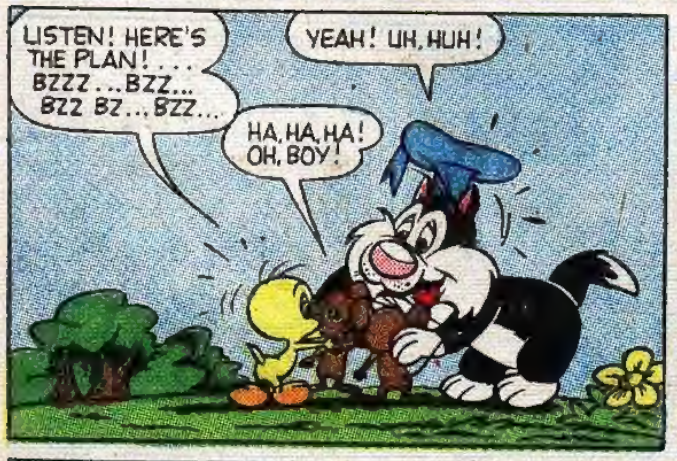
HI, BRUNO!
HI, FELLAS!

I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T PLAY WITH YOU ANY MORE! SYLVESTER SAYS IF I DO I'M A FAILURE AS A CAT!
GEE!
SNIFF!


SO LONG, PALS! (GULP!)
BWUNO! WAIT!
BAWW!

I HAVE AN IDEA THAT WILL MAKE PUDDY TAT GIVE UP THIS SILLY NOTION ABOUT YOU NOT PLAYING WITH US!
YOU DO?
?

SURE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS MAKE PUDDY THINK THAT HE'S A FAILURE AS A CAT, AND HE WILL GIVE UP CHASING US!
BUT HOW WILL WE DO THAT, TWEETY?


LISTEN! HERE'S THE PLAN! . . . BZZZ...BZZ... BZZ BZ...BZZ...
YEAH! UH, HUH!
HA, HA, HA! OH, BOY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THAT'S A KEEN IDEA, TWEETY! COME ON! LET'S GET STARTED!
HOORAY!
YIPPEE!

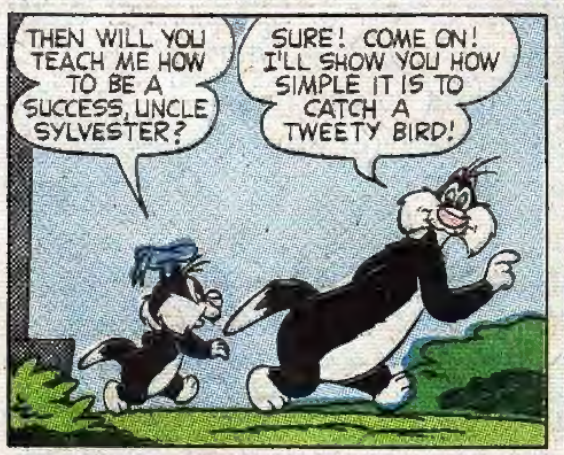
SYLVESTER!!
HUH? OH! (GULP!) HEH, HEH! IT'S YOU, BRUNO! WHAT'S UP?

I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER WHAT YOU SAID, AND YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S SILLY FOR ME, A CAT, TO PLAY WITH TWEETY BIRDS AND MICE!
BRAVO!

AFTER ALL, I'M YOUR NEPHEW, AND YOU'RE THE MOST FAMOUS TWEETY BIRD AND MOUSE CATCHER IN THE WORLD!
AHEM! TRUE! TRUE!

WHEN IT COMES TO SUCCESSFUL CATS, YOU'RE THE BRAVEST, SMARTEST, CLEVEREST...
HANDSOMEST...
AND GRANDEST ONE WHO EVER LIVED!

AND I WANT TO GROW UP TO BE JUST LIKE YOU!
PAT! PAT!
I CAN'T BLAME YOU A BIT, MY BOY!


THEN WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO BE A SUCCESS, UNCLE SYLVESTER?
SURE! COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO CATCH A TWEETY BIRD!

HERE THEY COME! GET READY, BOYS!
RIGHT!
HEH, HEH!

AH! THERE IS TWEETY NOW! HEH, HEH! WATCH THIS!

I JUMP INTO THIS BUSH, THEN PULL IT OUT BY THE ROOTS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?

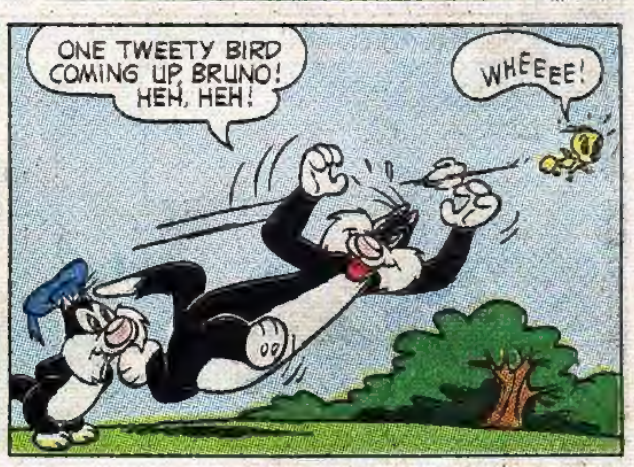
SO I CAN SNEAK UP IN AMBUSH, WHAT ELSE? SHHHH! HERE I GO!
YOU SURE ARE CLEVER, UNCLE SYLVESTER!
HEH, HEH! IF HE ONLY KNEW!

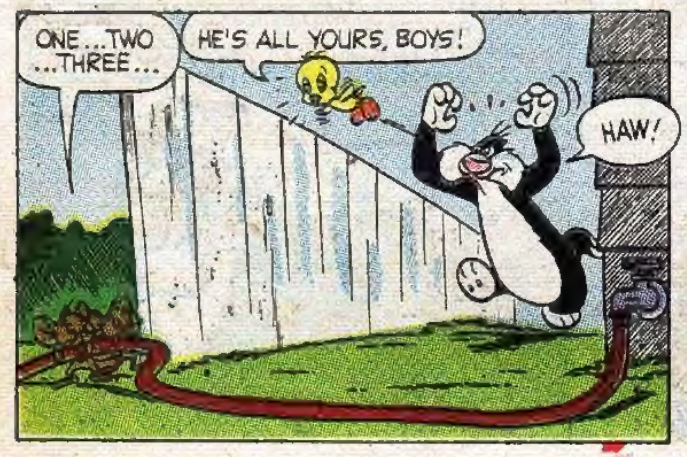
HEH, HEH! HE'LL NEVER SUSPECT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE! BRUNO WILL SEE HOW A CHAMPION WORKS!
HUM DE LA DA! ♫

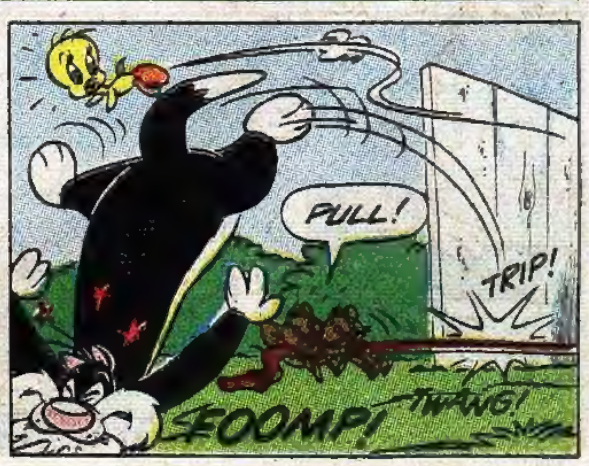
NOW TO GRAB... HUH??
HELP! THERE'S A PUDDY IN THE BUSH TWYING TO AMBUSH ME!

HOW DID YOU GUESS I WAS IN HERE?
ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT TWICK WENT OUT WITH HIGH BUTTON SHOES! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME THAT WAY!

OH, YEAH? THEN I'LL CATCH YOU *THIS* WAY!

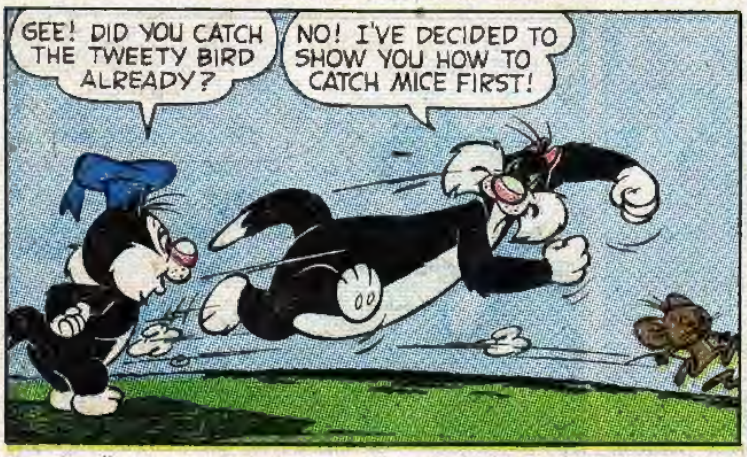

ONE TWEETY BIRD COMING UP, BRUNO! HEH, HEH!
WHEEEE!

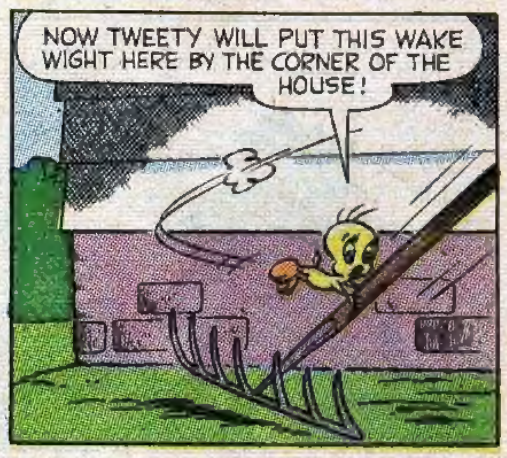

ONE...TWO ...THREE...
HE'S ALL YOURS, BOYS!
HAW!


PULL!
TRIP!
FOOMP!
TWANG!

MICE!
DID YOU HAVE A NICE TRIP, SYLVESTER?
HA! HA! HE'LL TELL US ABOUT IT NEXT FALL!

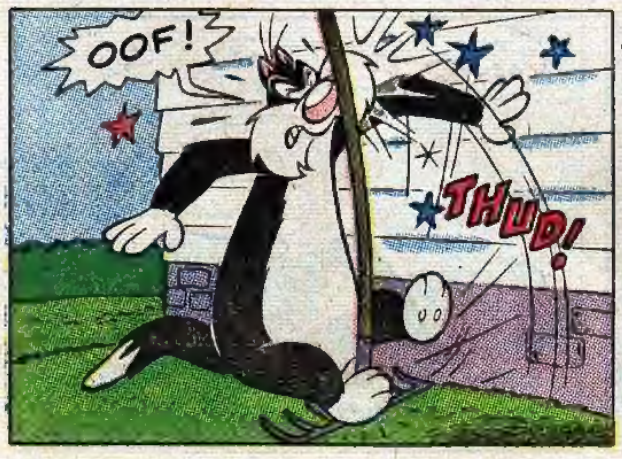
YOU LITTLE IMPS! I'LL FIX YOU!
RETREAT!


GEE! DID YOU CATCH THE TWEETY BIRD ALREADY?
NO! I'VE DECIDED TO SHOW YOU HOW TO CATCH MICE FIRST!


NOW TWEETY WILL PUT THIS WAKE WIGHT HERE BY THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE!

THIS WAY, FELLAS!
GANGWAY, TWEETY!

HEH, HEH! I'LL GET THOSE TWO LITTLE RUNTS NOW!
ZIP

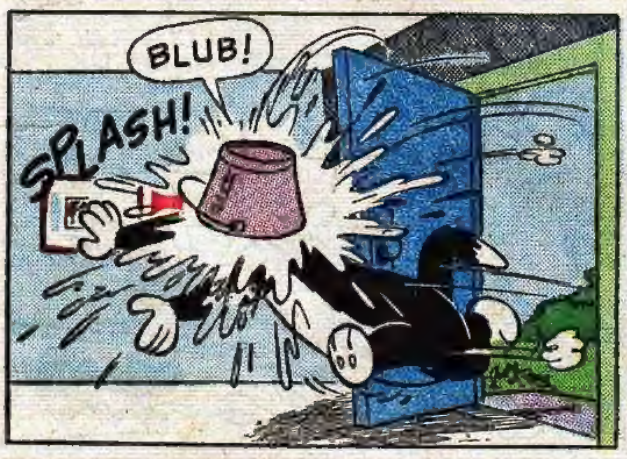

OOF!
THUD!

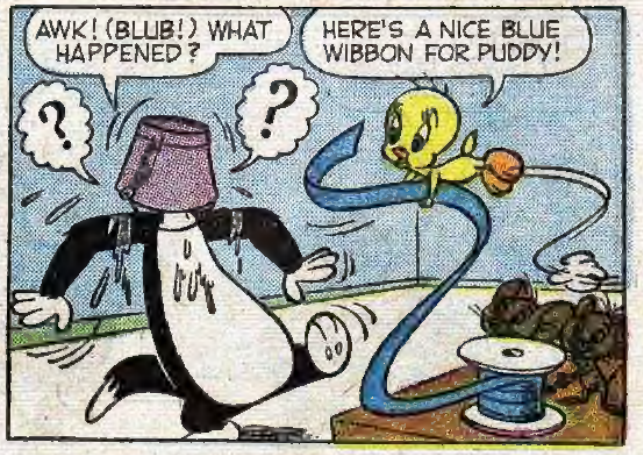
OOOO! I'LL BET THAT SMARTS, DOESN'T IT, PUDDY?
OH, SO YOU'RE THE WISE GUY, EH?

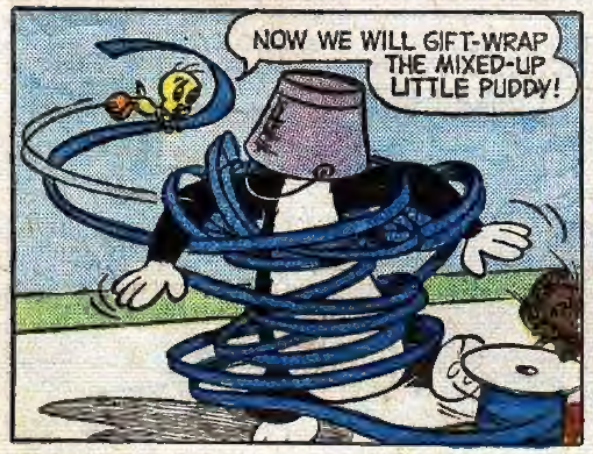
ARE YOU STILL SHOWING ME HOW TO CATCH MICE, UNCLE SYLVESTER?
HA, HA, HA!
NO! I'M BACK TO TWEETY BIRDS!

NOW TO LEAD OUTNUMBERED OLD PUDDY INTO THE HOUSE!
DRAT! THESE SHRIMPS ARE MAKING ME LOOK BAD IN FRONT OF BRUNO! (PUFF! PUFF!)
TEE, HEE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

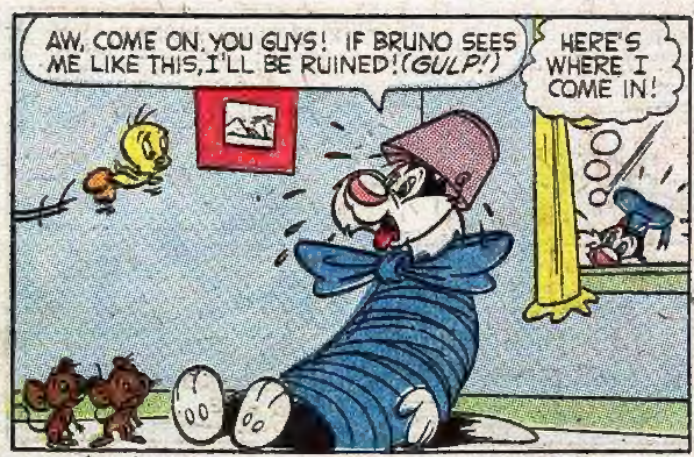
READY, FELLAS?
ALL SET!

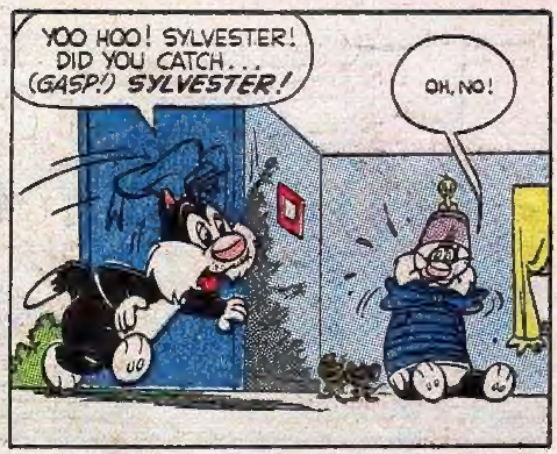

BLUB!
SPLASH!

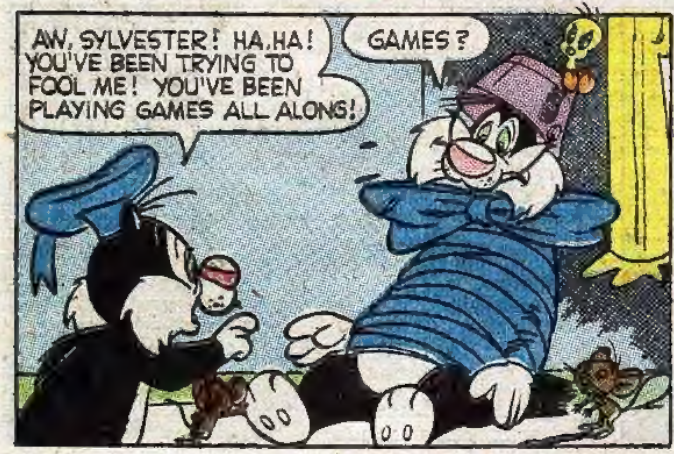

AWK! (BLUB!) WHAT HAPPENED?
?
?
HERE'S A NICE BLUE WIBBON FOR PUDDY!


NOW WE WILL GIFT-WRAP THE MIXED-UP LITTLE PUDDY!

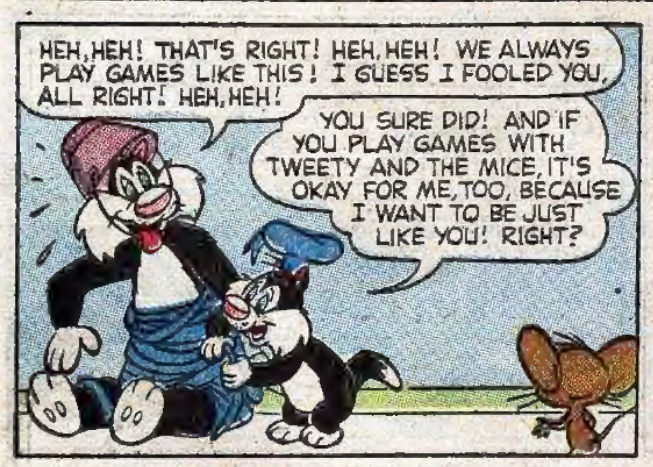
TA DA!
ERKS!
MY, WHAT A PRETTY BOW! HEH, HEH!
TWANG!

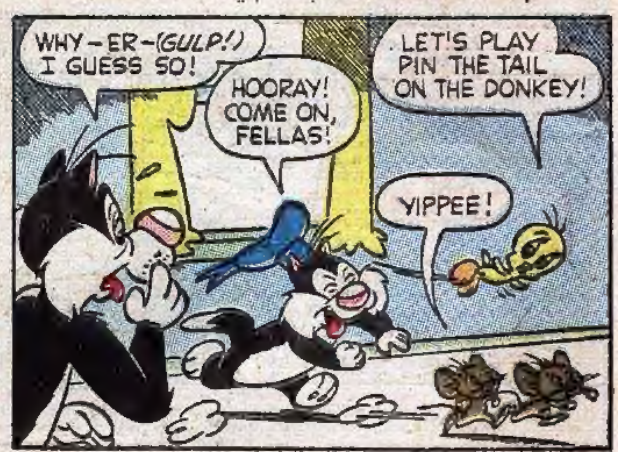

AW, COME ON, YOU GUYS! IF BRUNO SEES ME LIKE THIS, I'LL BE RUINED! (GULP!)
HERE'S WHERE I COME IN!

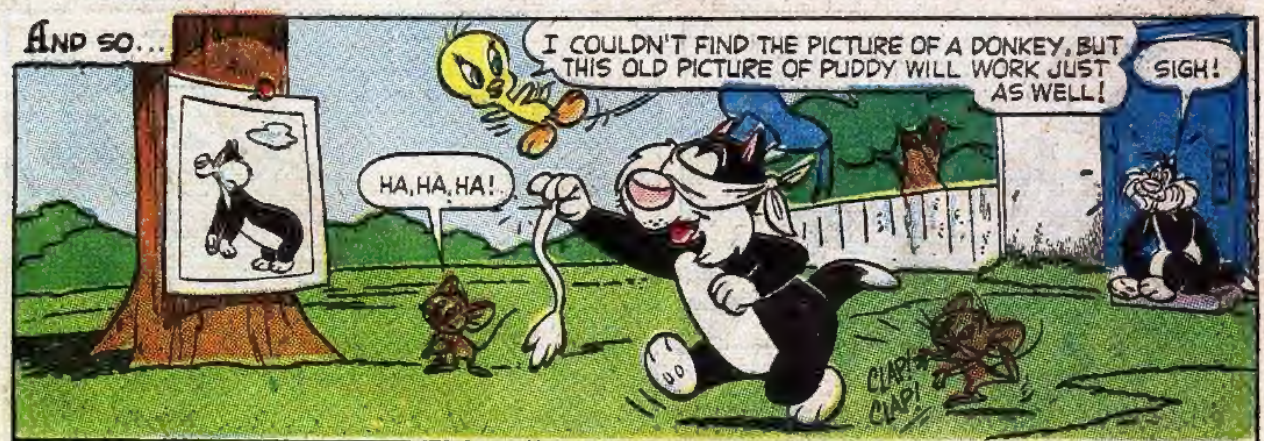

YOO HOO! SYLVESTER! DID YOU CATCH... (GASP!) SYLVESTER!
OH, NO!


AW, SYLVESTER! HA, HA! YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO FOOL ME! YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING GAMES ALL ALONG!
GAMES?

SURE! IF YOU WEREN'T PLAYING GAMES, AND YOU LET TWO MICE AND A TWEETY BIRD TIE YOU UP LIKE THAT, YOU'D BE A TERRIBLE FAILURE AS A CAT!
HUH? OH, YEAH! GAMES!


HEH, HEH! THAT'S RIGHT! HEH, HEH! WE ALWAYS PLAY GAMES LIKE THIS! I GUESS I FOOLED YOU, ALL RIGHT! HEH, HEH!
YOU SURE DID! AND IF YOU PLAY GAMES WITH TWEETY AND THE MICE, IT'S OKAY FOR ME, TOO, BECAUSE I WANT TO BE JUST LIKE YOU! RIGHT?


WHY-ER-(GULP!) I GUESS SO!
HOORAY! COME ON, FELLAS!
LET'S PLAY PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY!
YIPPEE!


AND SO...
I COULDN'T FIND THE PICTURE OF A DONKEY, BUT THIS OLD PICTURE OF PUDDY WILL WORK JUST AS WELL!
SIGH!
HA, HA, HA!
CLAP! CLAP!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

Tweety in Sylvester AND

PICNIC PANIC

MY! WE CERTAINLY PICKED A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR OUR PICNIC!

YUMM! THINK OF ALL THE EATS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE!

I LOVE PICNICS BEST OF ALL!

KEEP YOUR PARK CLEAN

AH! THERE'S A LOVELY SPOT— RIGHT UNDER THAT BIG TREE!

ANY SPOT IS OKAY AS LONG AS WE EAT! YUMM!

I'LL PUT OUR THINGS HERE ON THE TABLE!

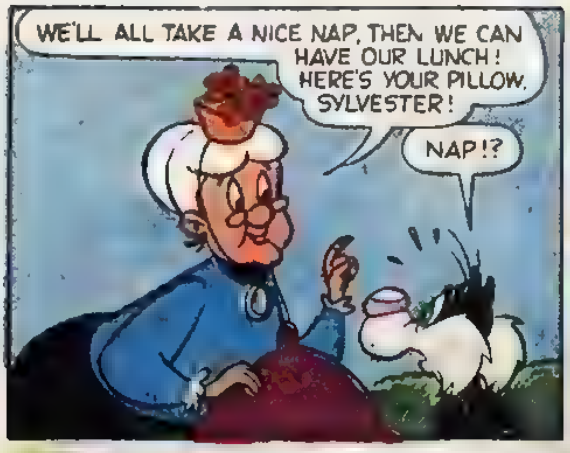
LET'S EAT!

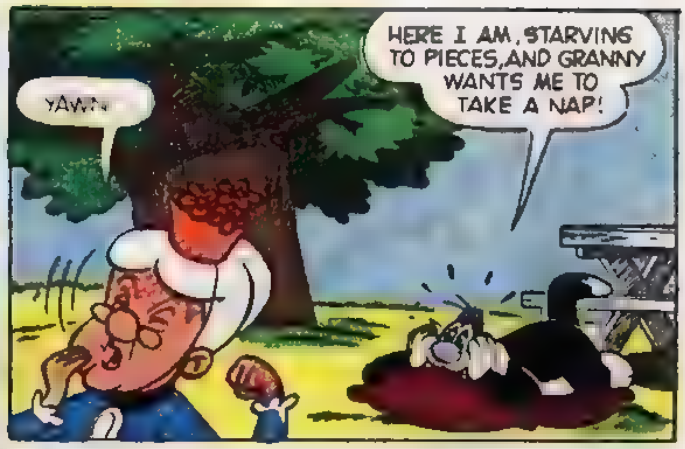
AND NOW WE CAN... *SYLVESTER!!*

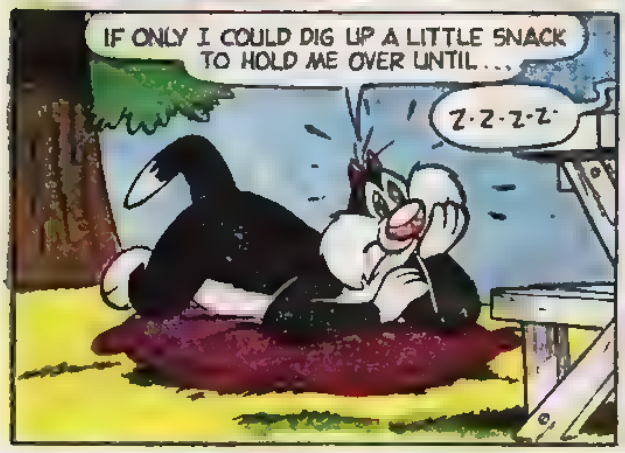
YUMM!

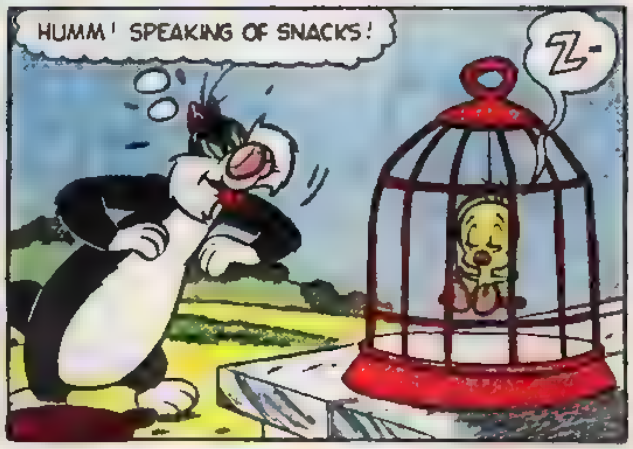
NO, NO, YOU SILLY KITTY! WE CAN'T EAT NOW— IT'S HALF AN HOUR TILL LUNCHTIME!

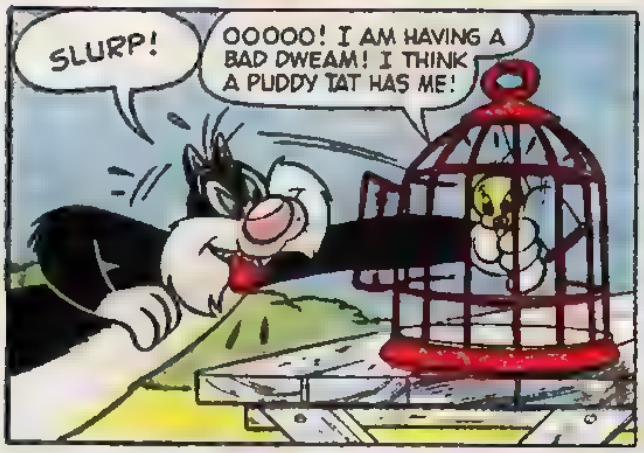
WHO CARES ABOUT TECHNICALITIES AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

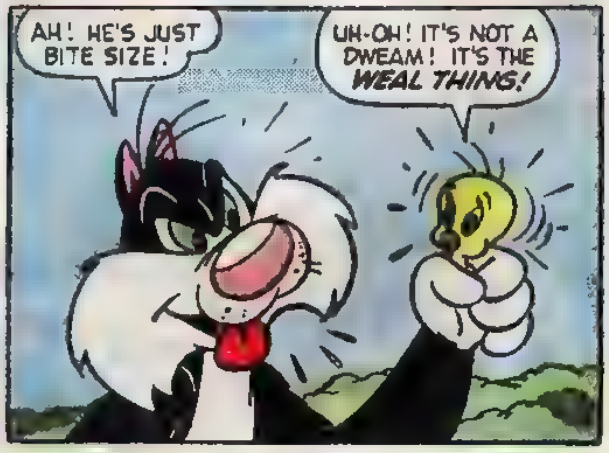

WE'LL ALL TAKE A NICE NAP, THEN WE CAN HAVE OUR LUNCH! HERE'S YOUR PILLOW, SYLVESTER!
NAP!?

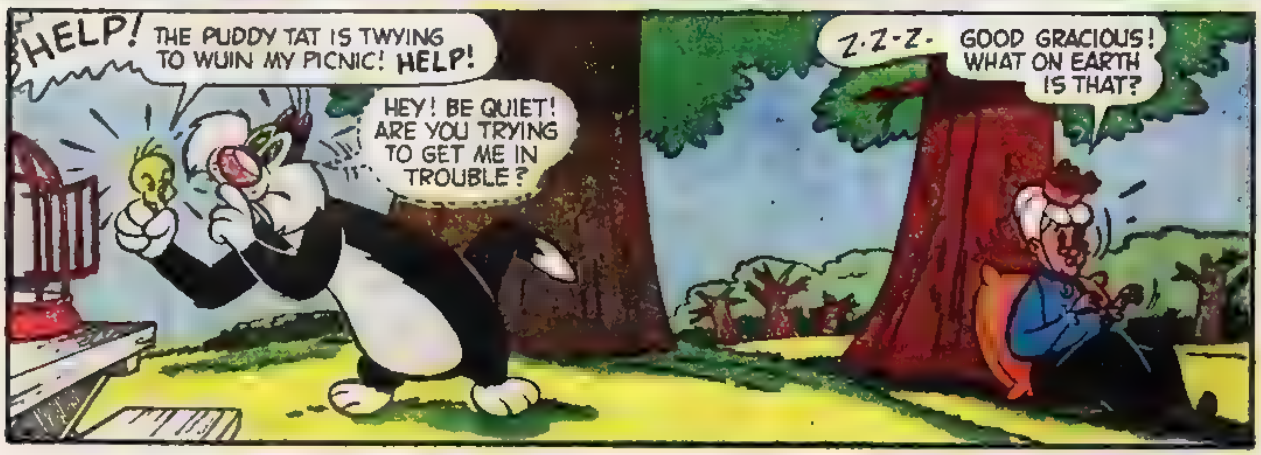

YAWN
HERE I AM, STARVING TO PIECES, AND GRANNY WANTS ME TO TAKE A NAP!

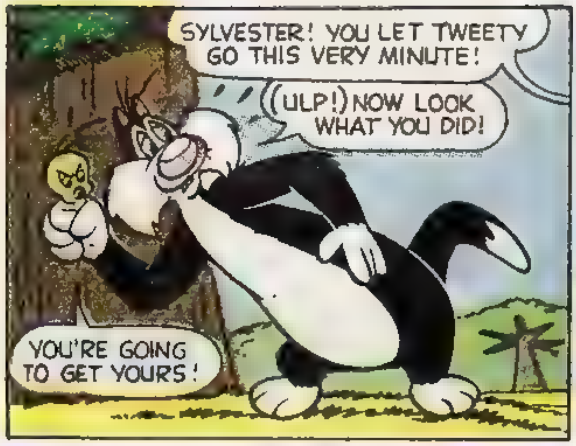

IF ONLY I COULD DIG UP A LITTLE SNACK TO HOLD ME OVER UNTIL...
Z-Z-Z-Z-

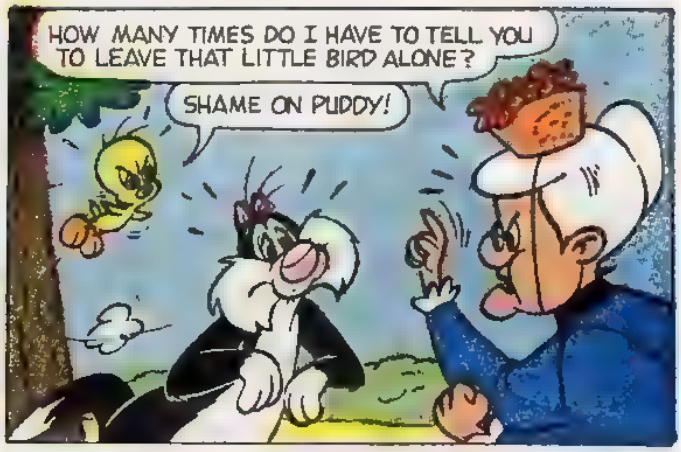

HUMM! SPEAKING OF SNACKS!
Z-

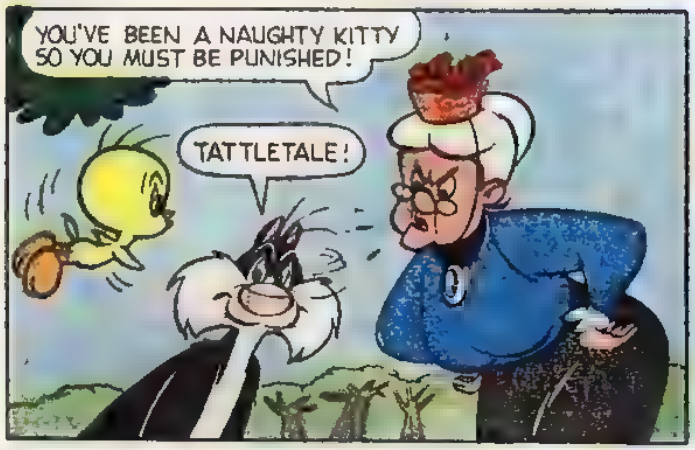

SLURP!
OOOOO! I AM HAVING A BAD DWEAM! I THINK A PUDDY TAT HAS ME!

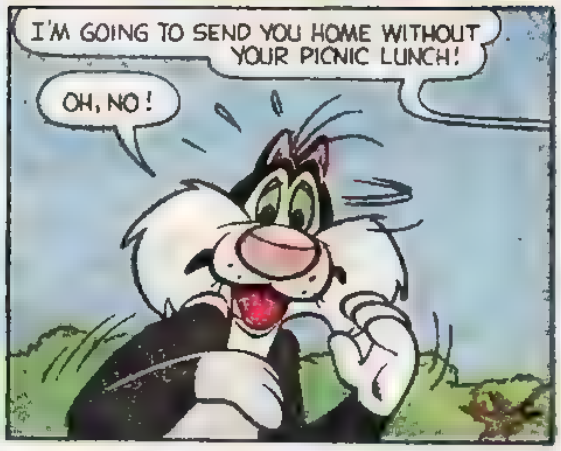

AH! HE'S JUST BITE SIZE!
UH-OH! IT'S NOT A DWEAM! IT'S THE WEAL THINGS!

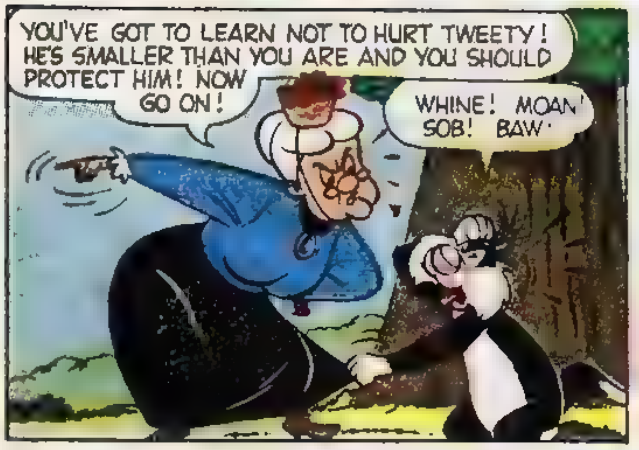

HELP!
THE PUDDY TAT IS TWYING TO WUIN MY PICNIC! HELP!
HEY! BE QUIET! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME IN TROUBLE?
Z-Z-Z-
GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

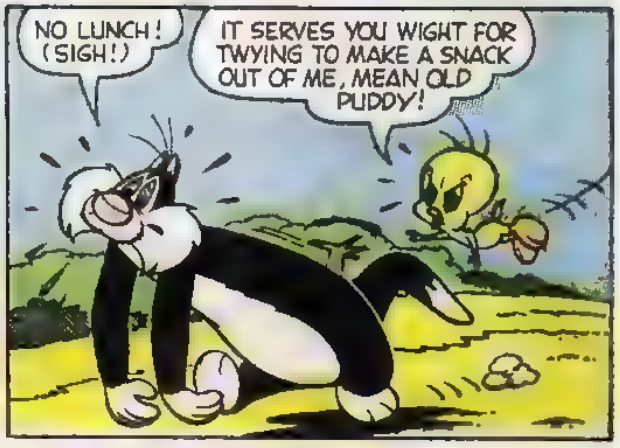

SYLVESTER! YOU LET TWEETY GO THIS VERY MINUTE!
(ULP!) NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID!
YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURS!

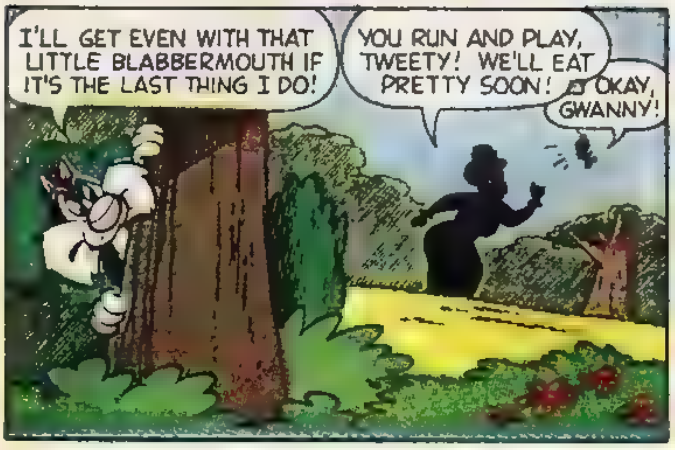

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO LEAVE THAT LITTLE BIRD ALONE?
SHAME ON PUDDY!

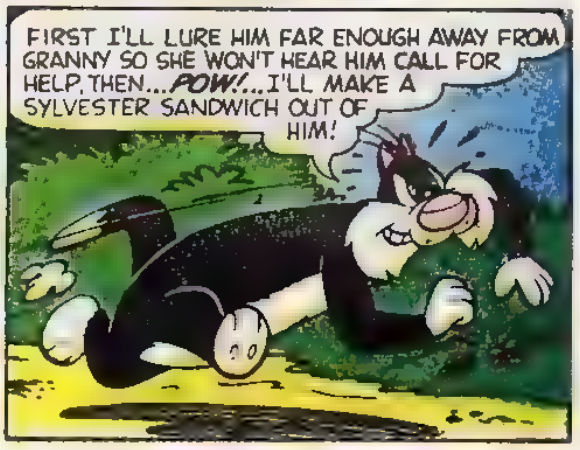

YOU'VE BEEN A NAUGHTY KITTY SO YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!
TATTLETALE!

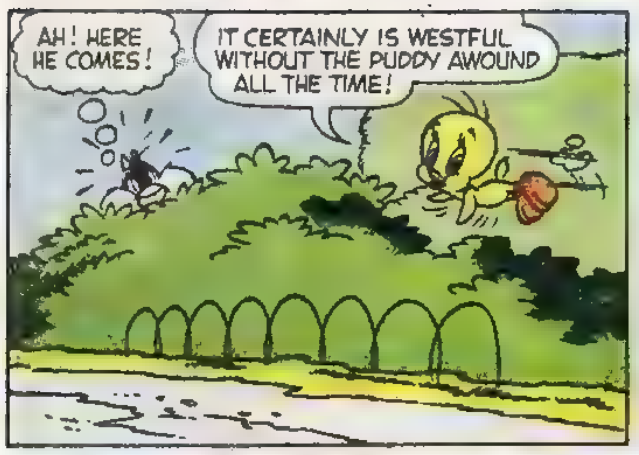

I'M GOING TO SEND YOU HOME WITHOUT YOUR PICNIC LUNCH!
OH, NO!

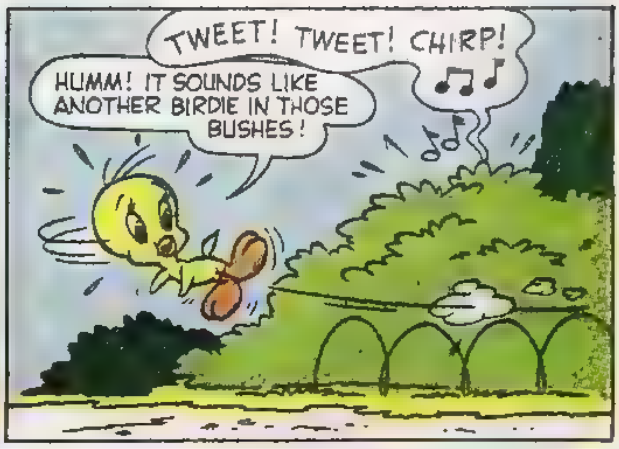

YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN NOT TO HURT TWEETY! HE'S SMALLER THAN YOU ARE AND YOU SHOULD PROTECT HIM! NOW GO ON!
WHINE! MOAN! SOB! BAW!

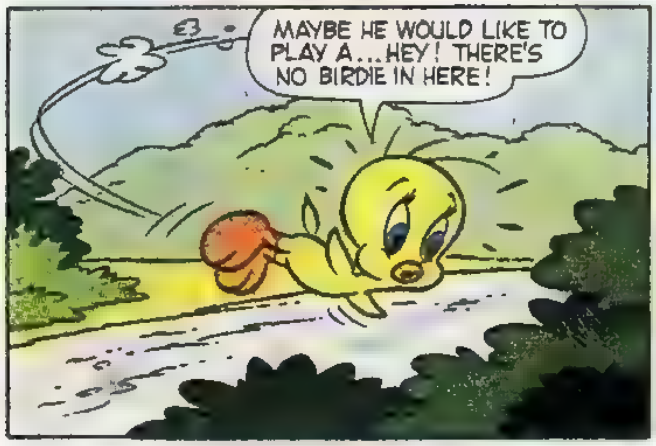

NO LUNCH! (SIGH!)
IT SERVES YOU WIGHT FOR TWYING TO MAKE A SNACK OUT OF ME, MEAN OLD PUDDY!

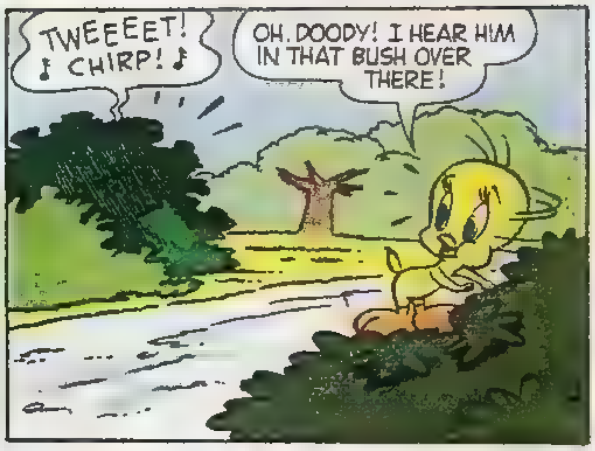

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT LITTLE BLABBERMOUTH IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
YOU RUN AND PLAY, TWEETY! WE'LL EAT PRETTY SOON!
OKAY, GWANNY!

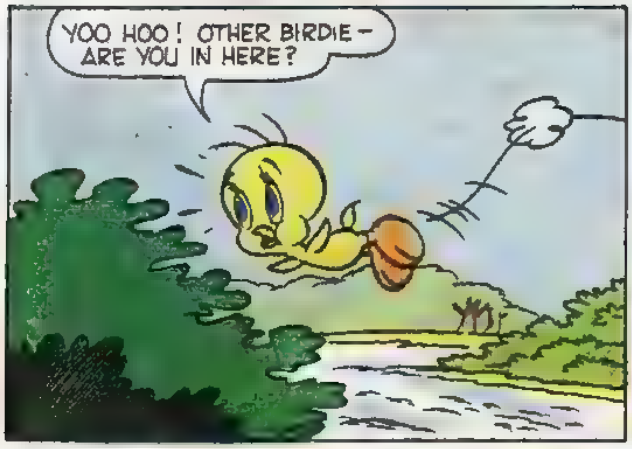

FIRST I'LL LURE HIM FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM GRANNY SO SHE WON'T HEAR HIM CALL FOR HELP, THEN... POW!... I'LL MAKE A SYLVESTER SANDWICH OUT OF HIM!

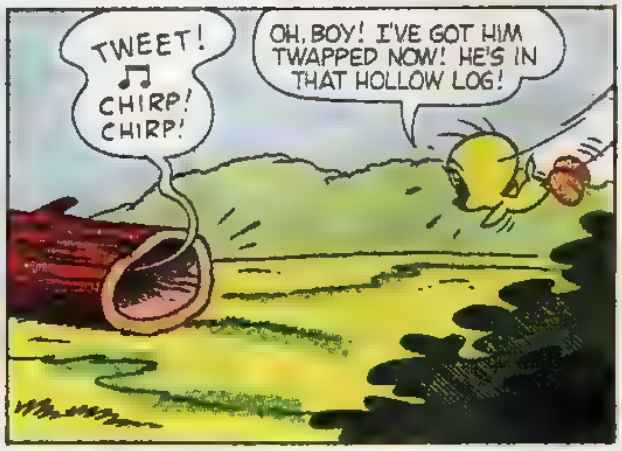

AH! HERE HE COMES!
IT CERTAINLY IS WESTFUL WITHOUT THE PUDDY AWOUND ALL THE TIME!

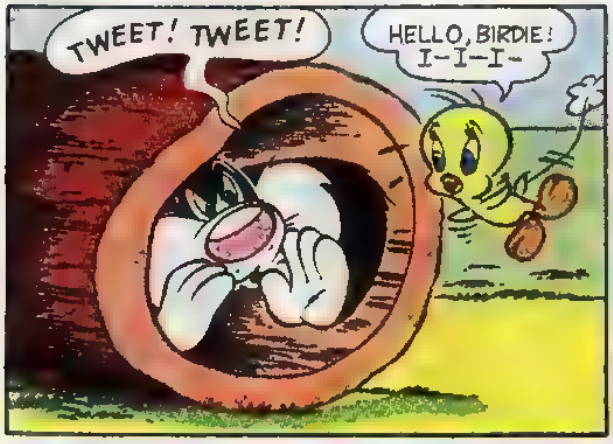

TWEET! TWEET! CHIRP!
HUMM! IT SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER BIRDIE IN THOSE BUSHES!

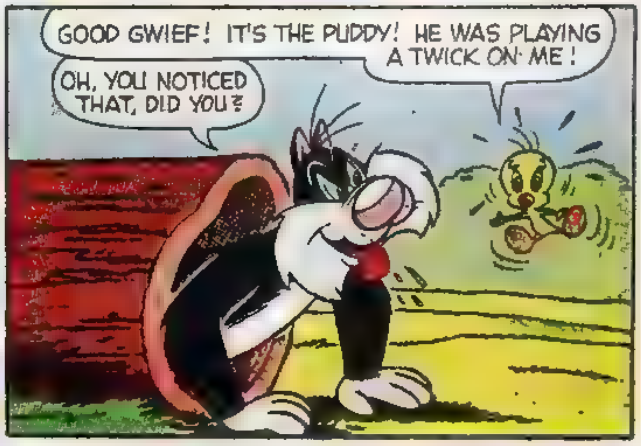

MAYBE HE WOULD LIKE TO PLAY A...HEY! THERE'S NO BIRDIE IN HERE!

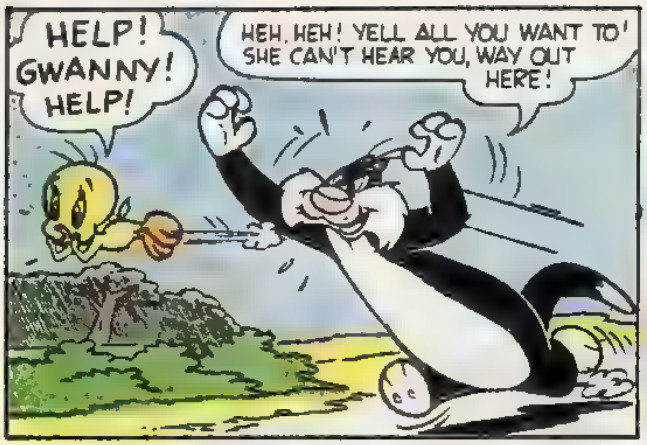

TWEEEET! CHIRP!
OH, DOODY! I HEAR HIM IN THAT BUSH OVER THERE!

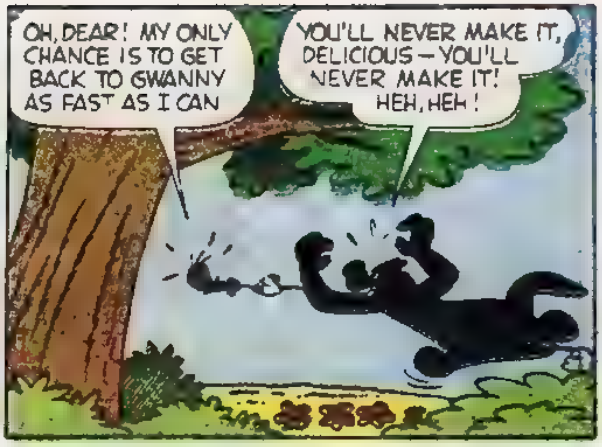

YOO HOO! OTHER BIRDIE – ARE YOU IN HERE?

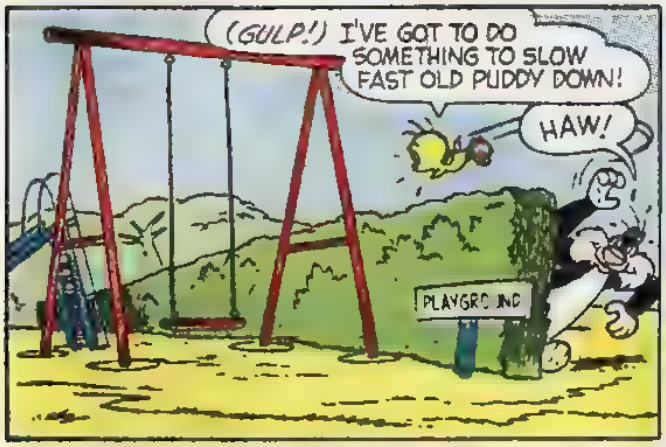

TWEET! CHIRP! CHIRP!
OH, BOY! I'VE GOT HIM TWAPPED NOW! HE'S IN THAT HOLLOW LOG!

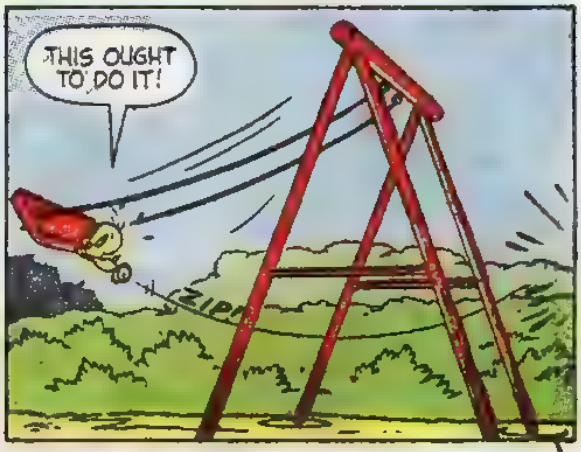

TWEET! TWEET!
HELLO, BIRDIE! I-I-I-

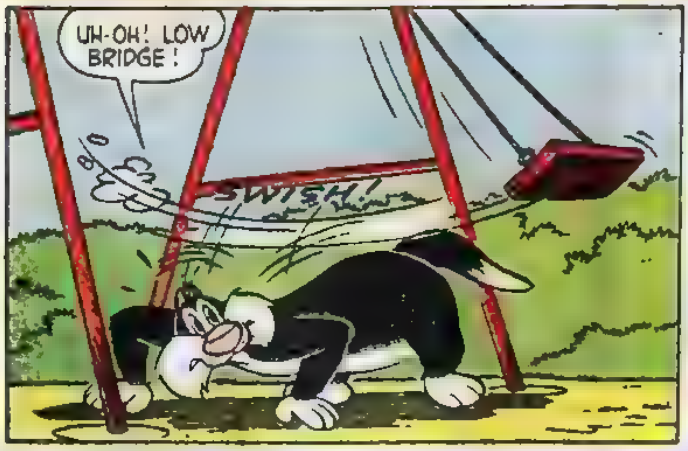

GOOD GWIEF! IT'S THE PUDDY! HE WAS PLAYING A TWICK ON ME!
OH, YOU NOTICED THAT, DID YOU?

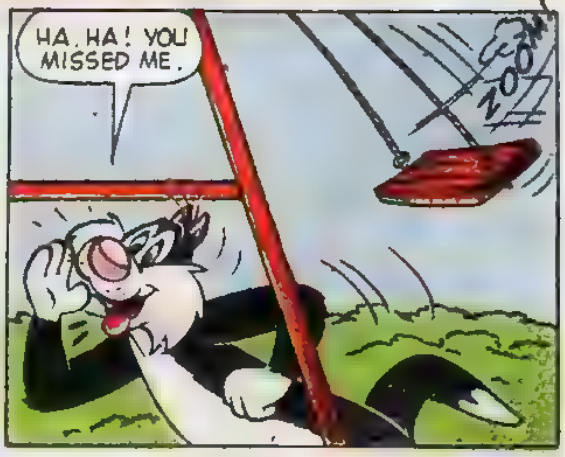

HELP! GWANNY! HELP!
HEH, HEH! YELL ALL YOU WANT TO! SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU, WAY OUT HERE!

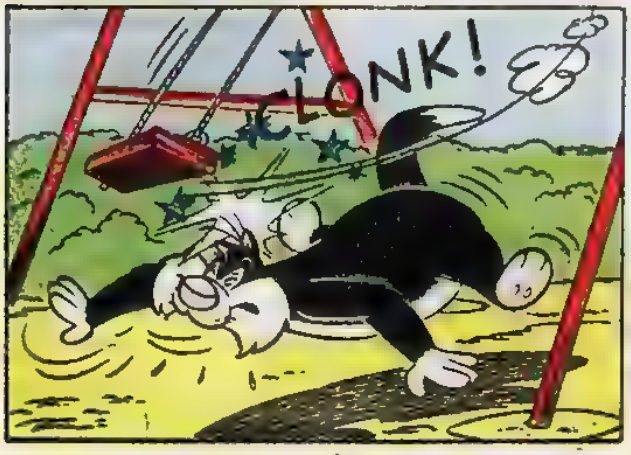

OH, DEAR! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET BACK TO GWANNY AS FAST AS I CAN
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, DELICIOUS—YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT! HEH, HEH!

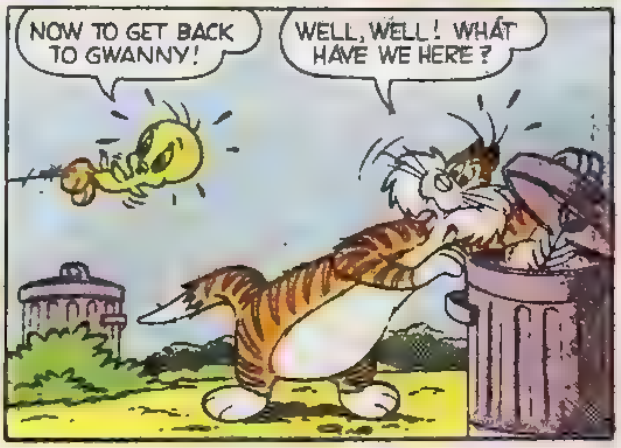

(GULP!) I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO SLOW FAST OLD PUDDY DOWN!
HAW!
PLAYGROUND

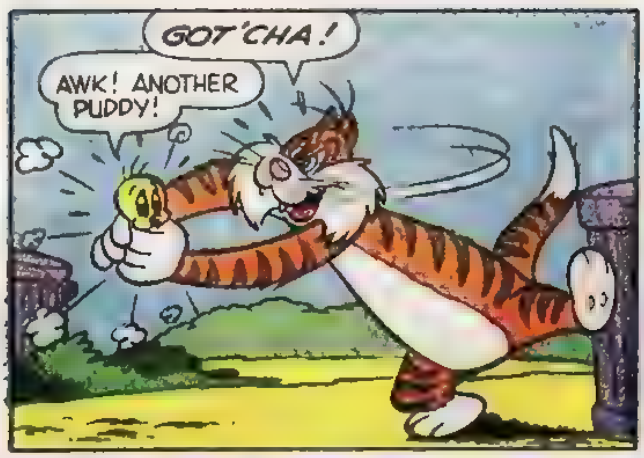

THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!
ZIP!

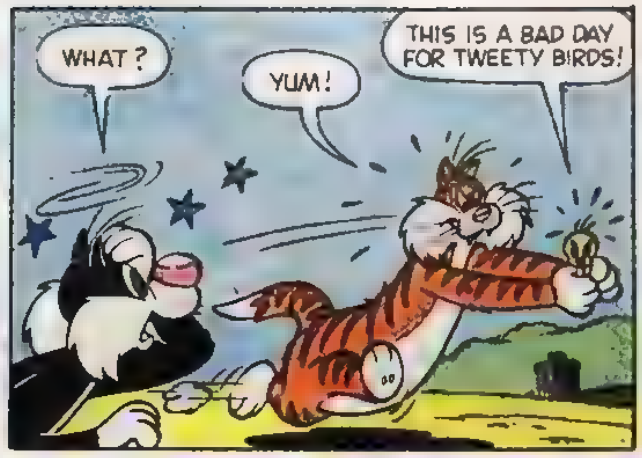

UH-OH! LOW BRIDGE!
SWISH!

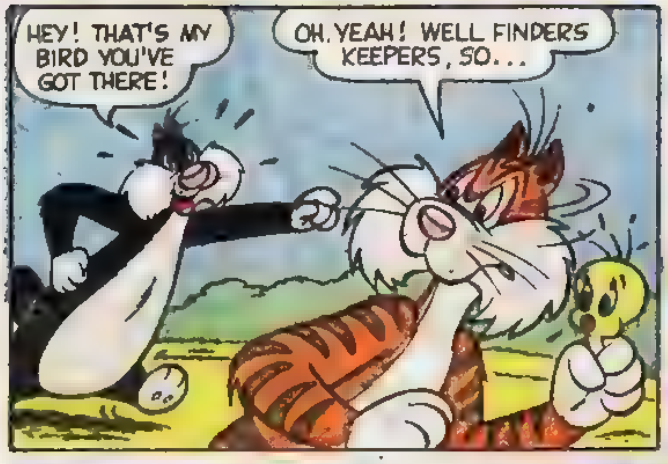

HA, HA! YOU MISSED ME.
ZOOM

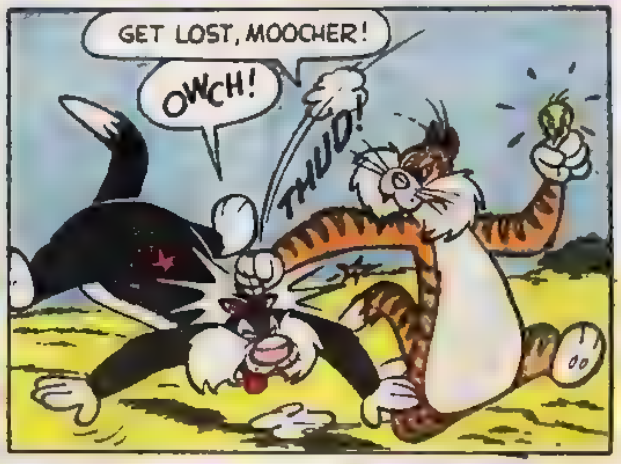

CLONK!

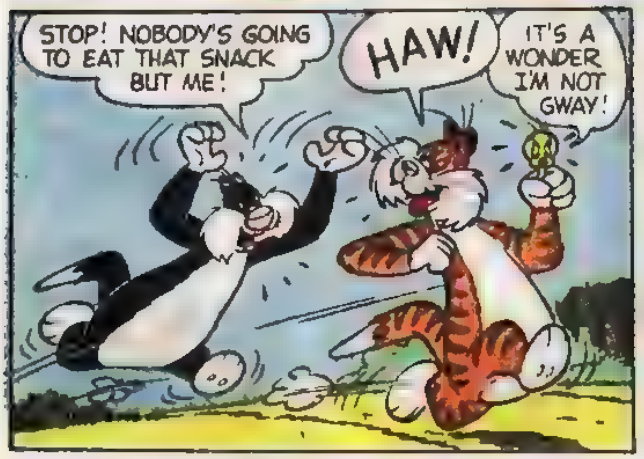

NOW TO GET BACK TO GWANNY!
WELL, WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

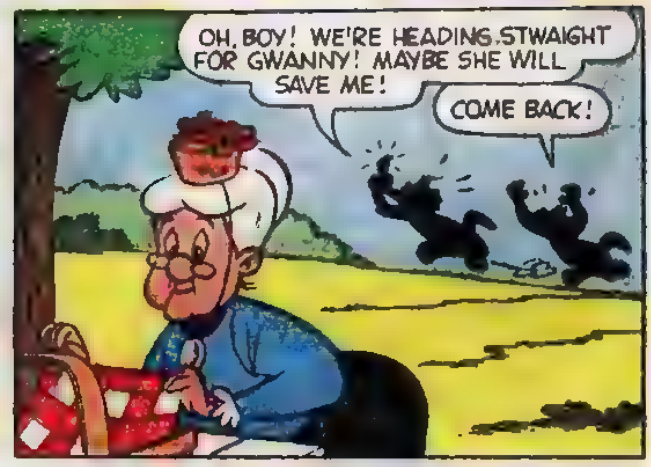

GOT'CHA!
AWK! ANOTHER PUDDY!

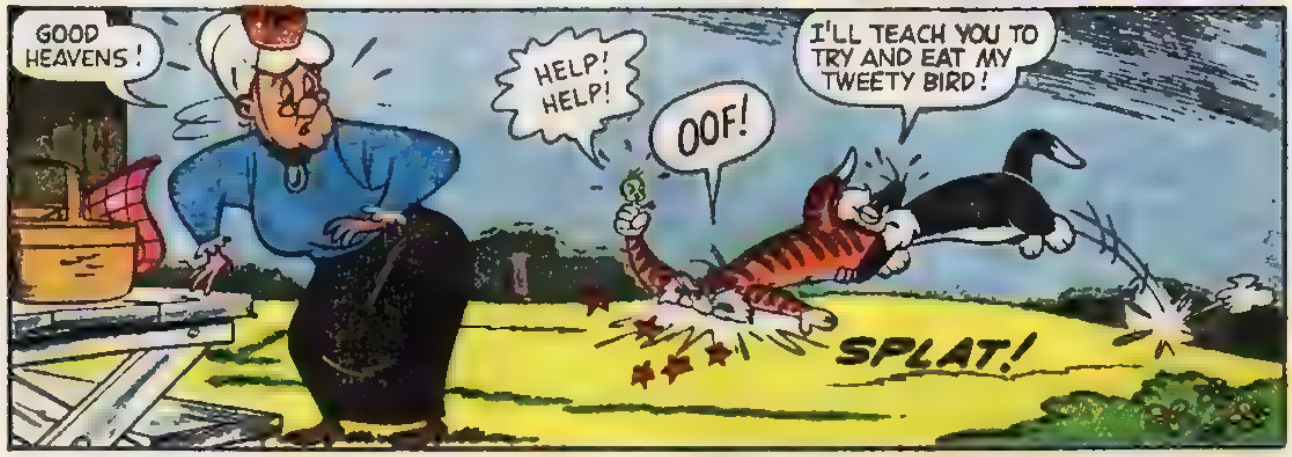

WHAT?
YUM!
THIS IS A BAD DAY FOR TWEETY BIRDS!


HEY! THAT'S MY BIRD YOU'VE GOT THERE!
OH, YEAH! WELL FINDERS KEEPERS, SO...

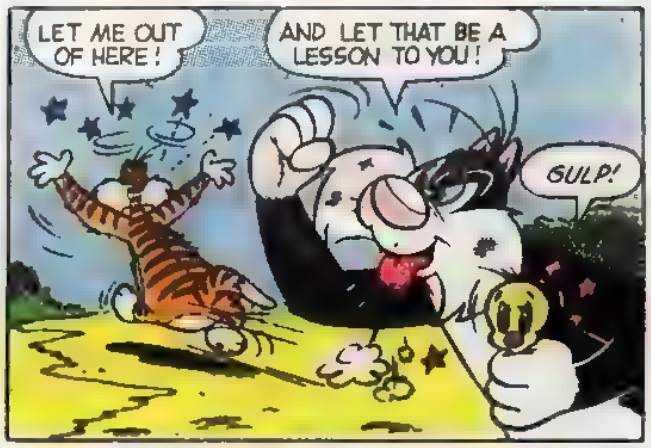

GET LOST, MOOCHER!
OWCH!
THUD!

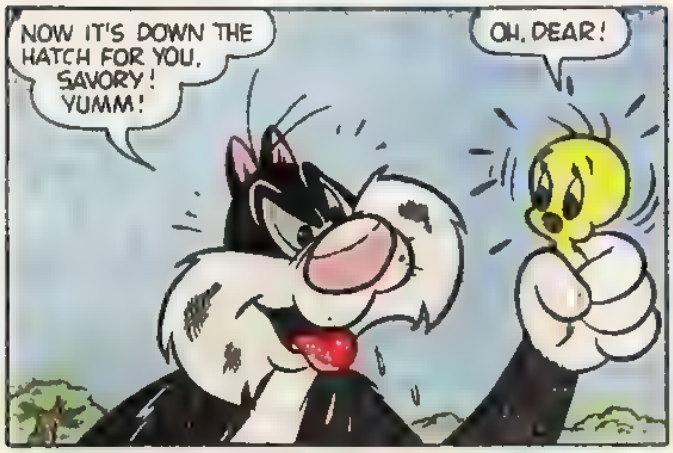

STOP! NOBODY'S GOING TO EAT THAT SNACK BUT ME!
HAW!
IT'S A WONDER I'M NOT GWAY!

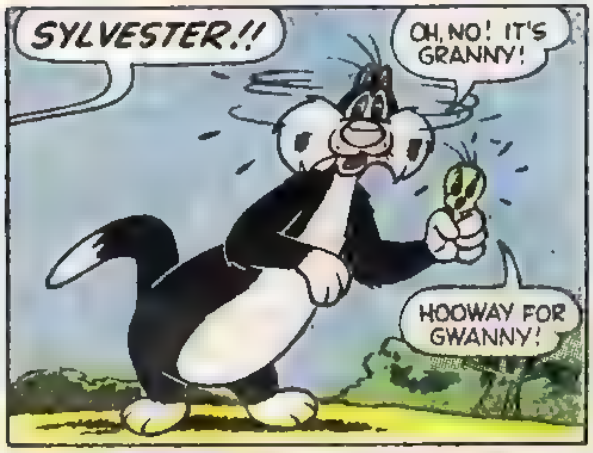

OH, BOY! WE'RE HEADING STWAIGHT FOR GWANNY! MAYBE SHE WILL SAVE ME!
COME BACK!

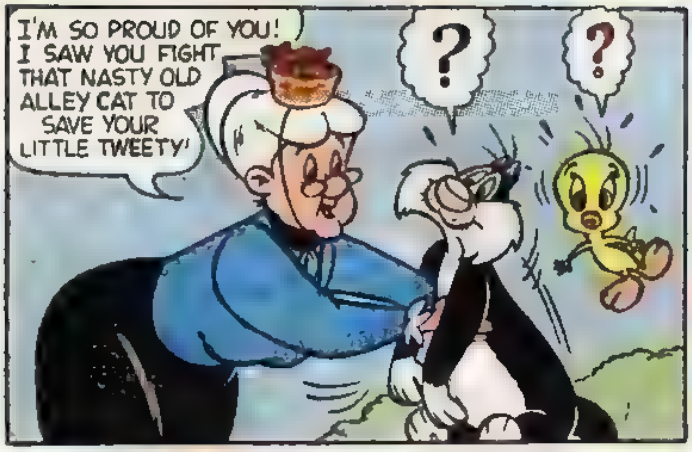

GOOD HEAVENS!
HELP! HELP!
OOF!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY AND EAT MY TWEETY BIRD!
SPLAT!

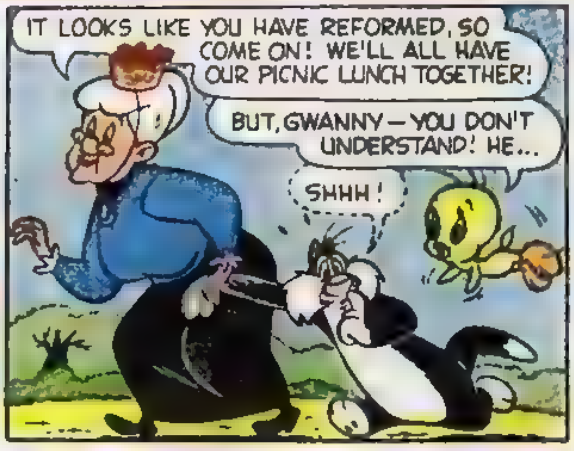
OW!
TAKE THAT!
CLUNK!
POW!
SOCK!
HELP! GWANNY!

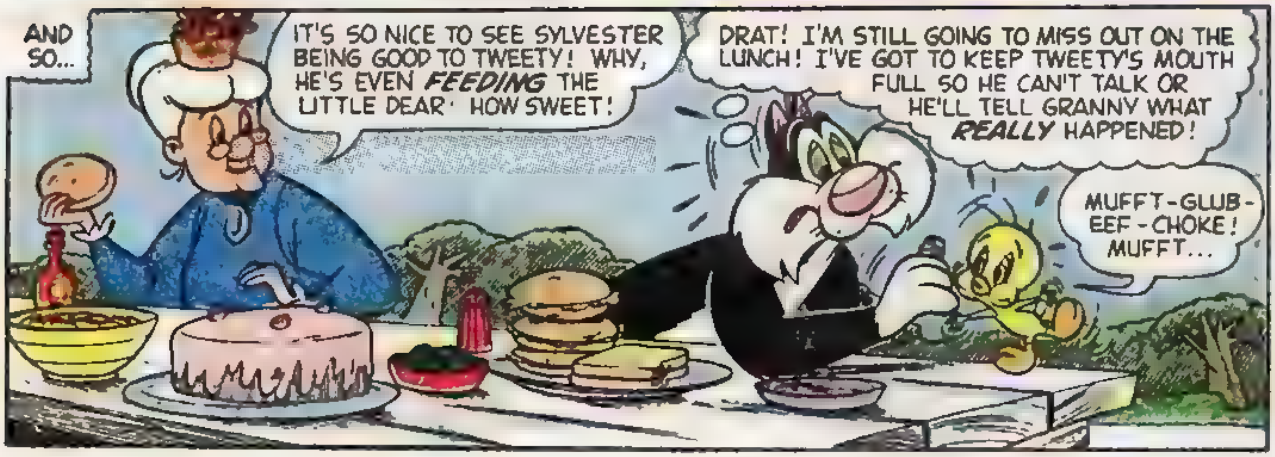

LET ME OUT OF HERE!
AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU!
GULP!


NOW IT'S DOWN THE HATCH FOR YOU, SAVORY! YUMM!
OH, DEAR!

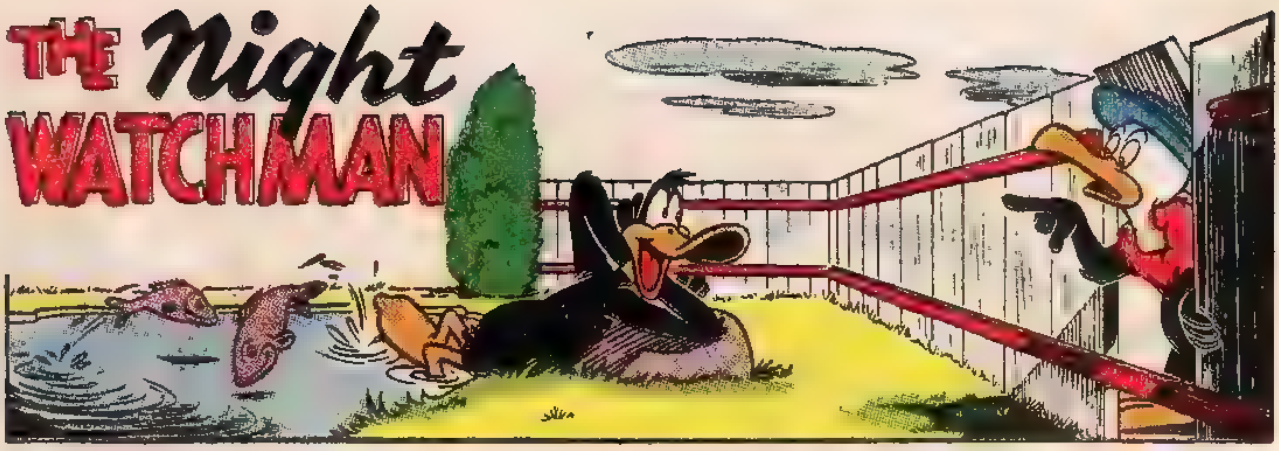

SYLVESTER!!
OH, NO! IT'S GRANNY!
HOOWAY FOR GWANNY!


I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! I SAW YOU FIGHT THAT NASTY OLD ALLEY CAT TO SAVE YOUR LITTLE TWEETY!
?
?


IT LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE REFORMED, SO COME ON! WE'LL ALL HAVE OUR PICNIC LUNCH TOGETHER!
BUT, GWANNY—YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE...
SHHH!


AND SO...
IT'S SO NICE TO SEE SYLVESTER BEING GOOD TO TWEETY! WHY, HE'S EVEN FEEDING THE LITTLE DEAR! HOW SWEET!
DRAT! I'M STILL GOING TO MISS OUT ON THE LUNCH! I'VE GOT TO KEEP TWEETY'S MOUTH FULL SO HE CAN'T TALK OR HE'LL TELL GRANNY WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!
MUFFT-GLUB-EEF-CHOKE! MUFFT...

THE Night WATCHMAN



"Dum diddley un dum . . ."

Beaky Buzzard skidded to a stop. Someone was singing on the other side of the fence, and Beaky recognized the voice.

"Daffy Duck!" Beaky muttered. "Why is he so happy? I'll have to look into this."

He found a loose board and squeezed through the fence. There was Daffy, dabbling his toes in a pool of water and looking very pleased with himself. Beaky glanced around curiously.

"What is this place, Daffy, and what are you doing here?"

Daffy stood up, stuck out his chest, and tried to look important. "I work here," he said. "This is the Happy Hours Trout Fishing Pond, and I'm the Executive In Charge of Trout. In short, I'm the guard."

"The guard? You?" Beaky was puzzled.

"That's right. I'm an F.P.I. man — Fish Pond Investigator, that is. This pool is full of fat, juicy trout." Daffy licked his lips and almost fell in as he thought about those tasty trout. "I'm supposed to keep an eye on them — and watch for prowlers and people who try to sneak in without paying. By the way, Beaky — did you pay?"

Beaky looked at Daffy in disbelief. "You mean you get paid for doing this?"

"Certainly. It's very hard work." Daffy stretched out beside the pond and closed his eyes. "You'll never know how hard it is, being a big business executive."

Beaky glowered with disgust. How unfair . . . Daffy Duck with a job like this when he, Beaky Buzzard, was so much smarter. But Beaky was getting an idea . . .

"Daffy," Beaky said in his friendliest manner. "Tell me one thing. Who guards this trout pond at night?"

"At night?" Daffy's eyes opened wide. "Why, nobody, I guess."

"What? No night watchman? Why, that's terrible. But don't worry, Daffy, old pal, I'll take the job. I'll do it free of charge to help you become a big success. Just don't tell the owner about it," Beaky added craftily. "We'll let him think you're on duty twenty-four hours a day. He'll probably double your salary."

That night, Beaky scrambled through the fence again. This time he had a wicked gleam in his eye. "What a plan," he chortled to himself. "I dive into the pool, eat up all those delicious trout, and Daffy gets the blame! He'll lose his job, and I'll get the best meal I've had in months."

As he crouched in the darkness, the pool looked like a black pit in the shadows.

"Here goes!" Beaky cried as he galloped to the edge of the pool and took a flying dive. That was all he could remember until he came to with Daffy Duck bending over him.

"It's all my fault because you did it for me," Daffy sobbed. "I forgot to tell you that they drain the pool every night and keep the fish in a tank. Does your head hurt much, old friend?"

"Not as much as yours is going to!" Beaky yelled as he leaped at Daffy.

Just then, the owner of the pond came rushing up. He scowled at Beaky and then turned to Daffy. "Good work, Daffy," he said. "I'm going to double your salary for capturing this evil-looking character. What's more, don't bother to bring any lunch tomorrow. From now on, you can eat all the fat trout you can hold."

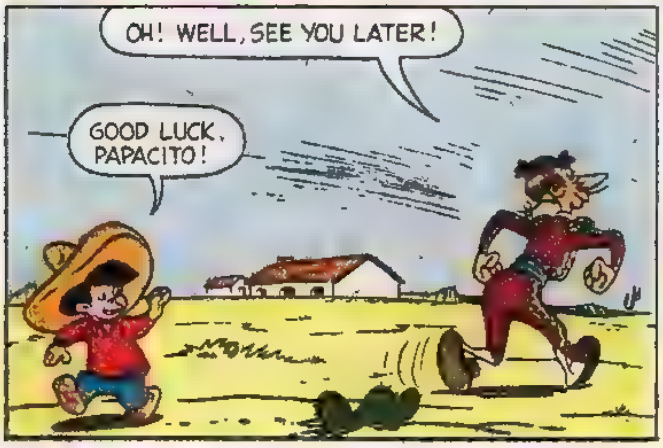
Beaky Buzzard groaned and held his aching head as he hastily fled.

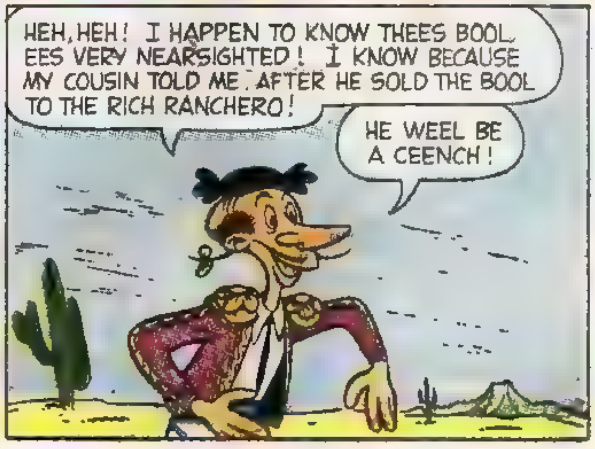
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS

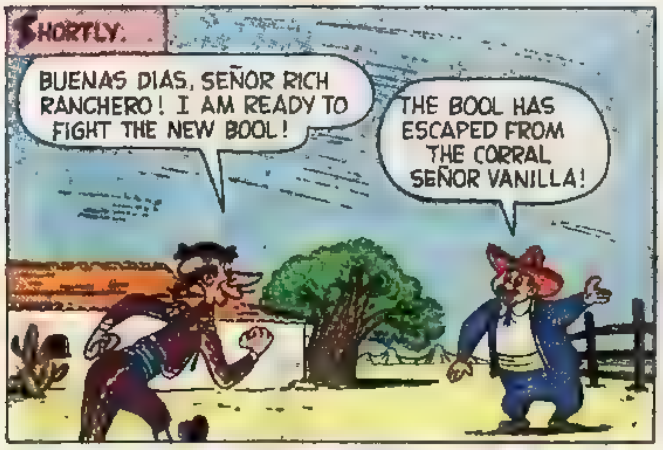
Present Little

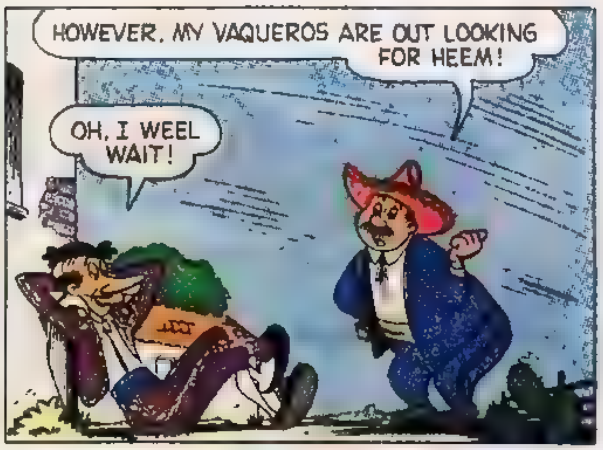
PANCHO VANILLA

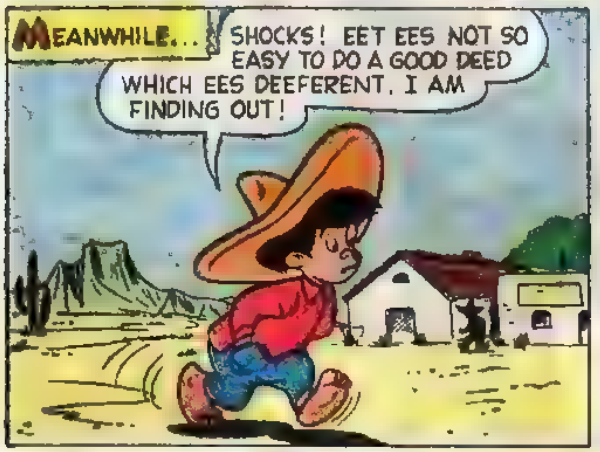
in the **NOT-SO-GOOD DEED**





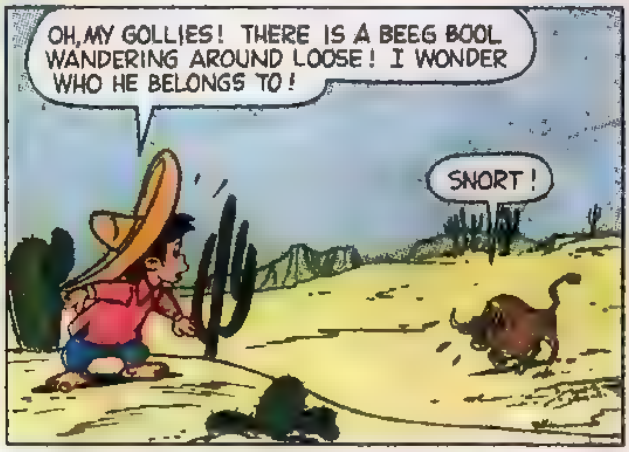

SHORTLY...
BUENAS DIAS, SEÑOR RICH RANCHERO! I AM READY TO FIGHT THE NEW BOOL!
THE BOOL HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CORRAL SEÑOR VANILLA!

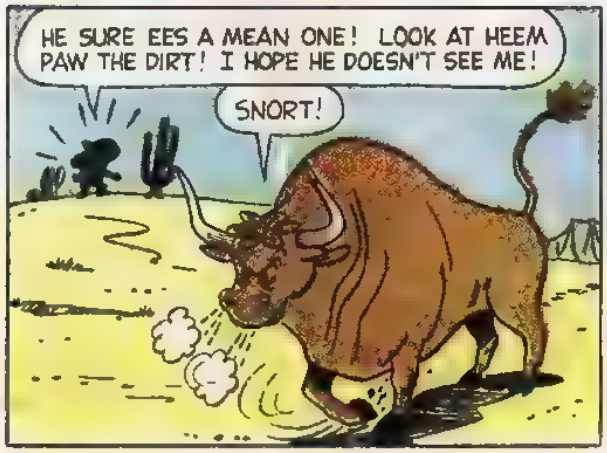

HOWEVER, MY VAQUEROS ARE OUT LOOKING FOR HEEM!
OH, I WEEL WAIT!

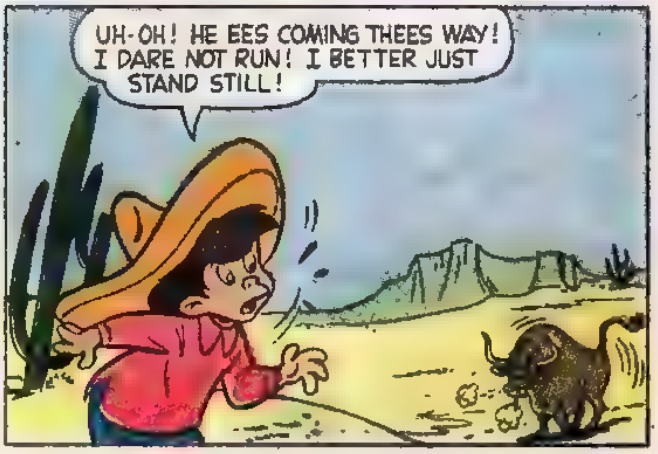

MEANWHILE...
SHOCKS! EET EES NOT SO EASY TO DO A GOOD DEED WHICH EES DEEFERENT, I AM FINDING OUT!

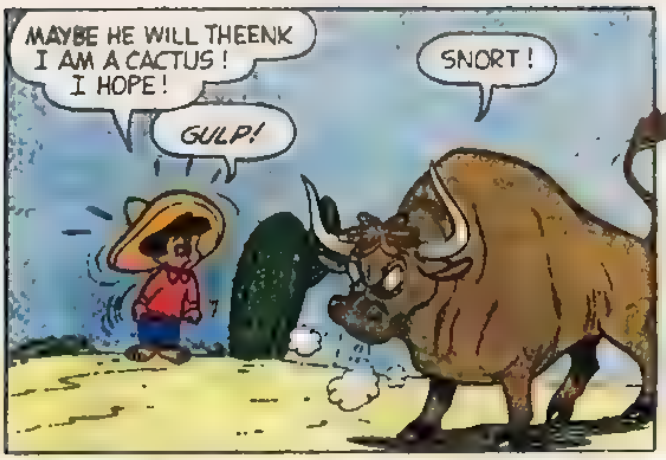
EVERYBODY IS HELPING POOR LEETLE OLD LADIES ACROSS THE BEESY STREETS!
GRACIAS!
Z

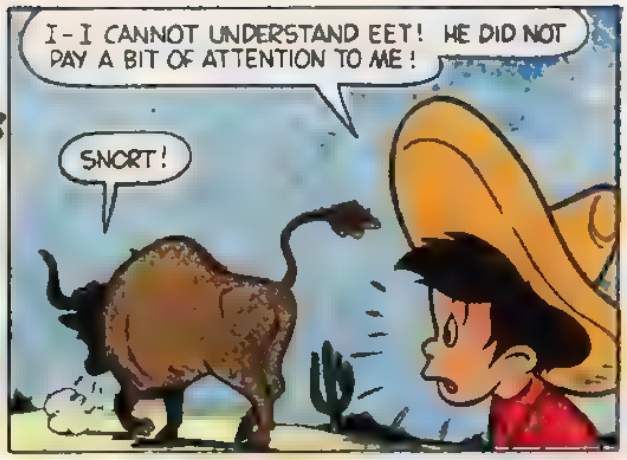
OR PUTTING POOR LEETLE BABY BIRDS BACK WHO HAVE FALLEN FROM THEIR NEST!
PEEPS!

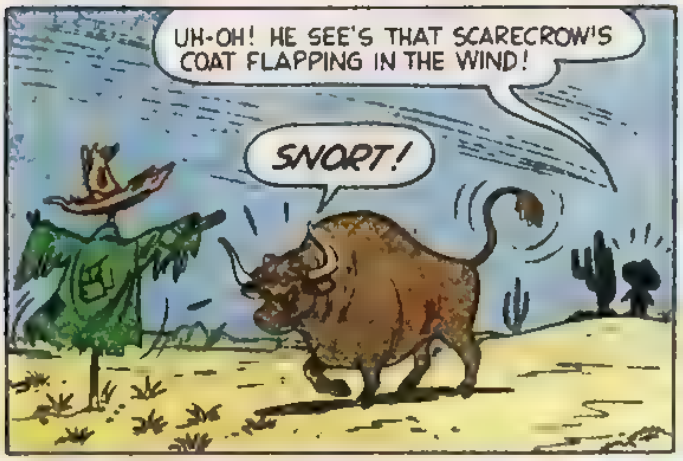

OH, MY GOLLIES! THERE IS A BEEG BOOL WANDERING AROUND LOOSE! I WONDER WHO HE BELONGS TO!
SNORT!

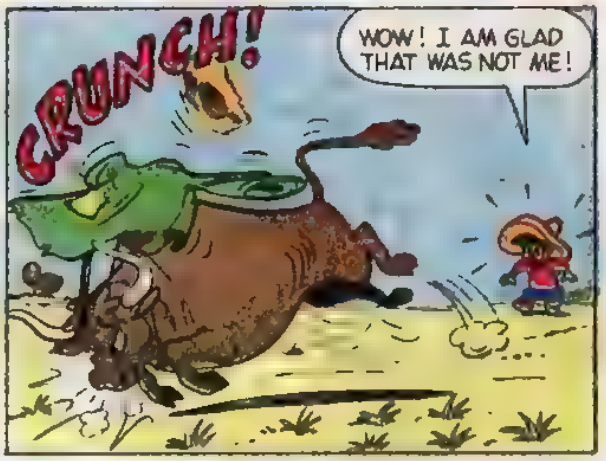

HE SURE EES A MEAN ONE! LOOK AT HEEM PAW THE DIRT! I HOPE HE DOESN'T SEE ME!
SNORT!

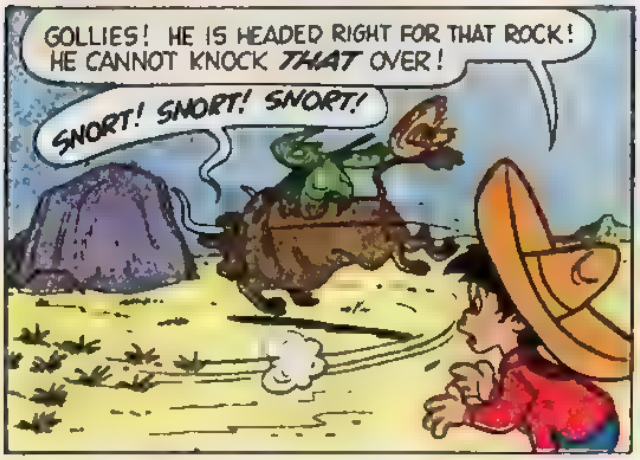

UH-OH! HE EES COMING THEES WAY! I DARE NOT RUN! I BETTER JUST STAND STILL!

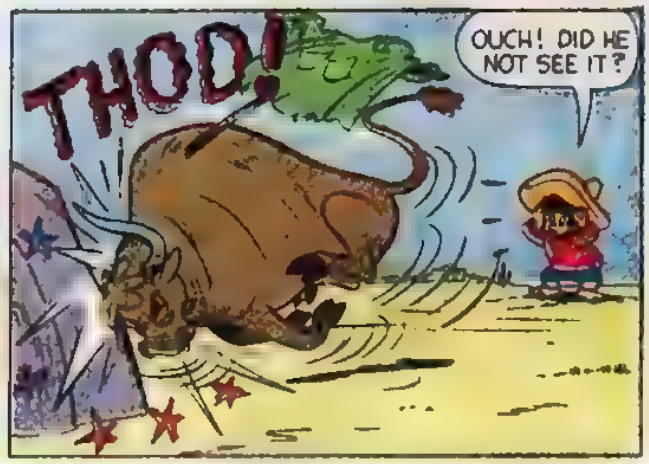

MAYBE HE WILL THEENK I AM A CACTUS! I HOPE!
GULP!
SNORT!

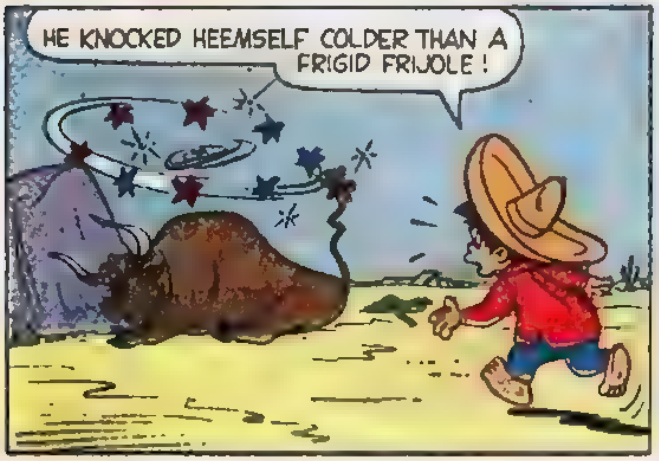

I-I CANNOT UNDERSTAND EET! HE DID NOT PAY A BIT OF ATTENTION TO ME!
SNORT!

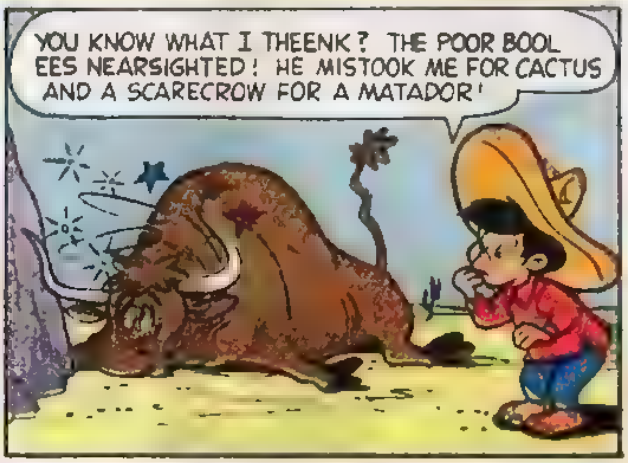

UH-OH! HE SEE'S THAT SCARECROW'S COAT FLAPPING IN THE WIND!
SNORT!

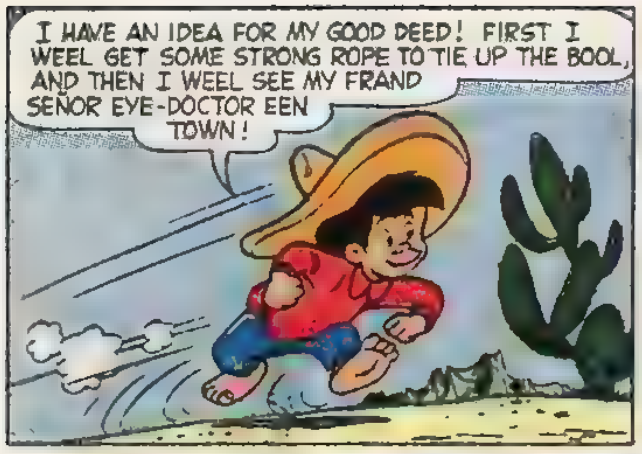

CRUNCH!
WOW! I AM GLAD THAT WAS NOT ME!

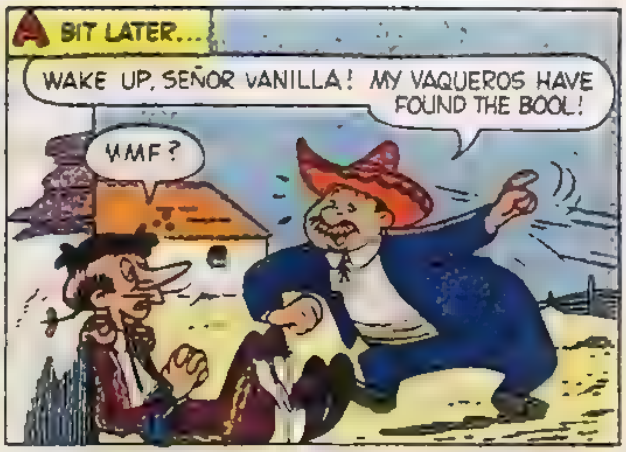

GOLLIES! HE IS HEADED RIGHT FOR THAT ROCK! HE CANNOT KNOCK THAT OVER!
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!

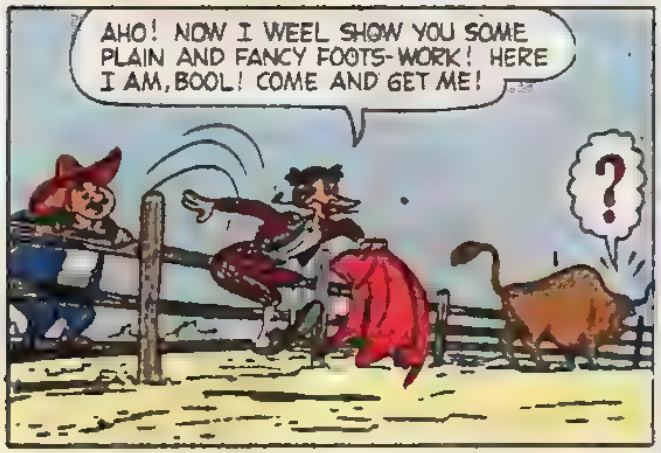

THOD!
OUCH! DID HE NOT SEE IT?

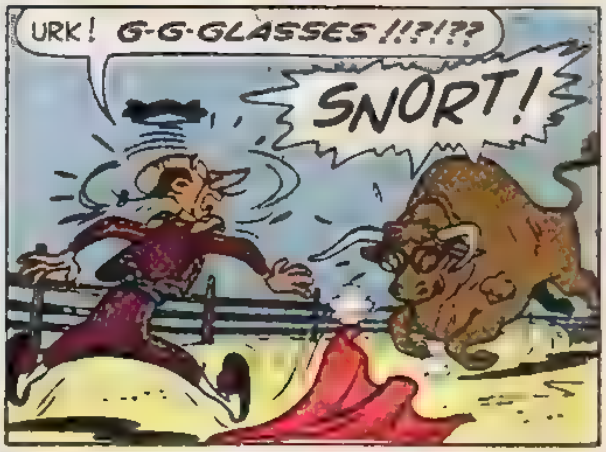

HE KNOCKED HEEMSELF COLDER THAN A FRIGID FRIJOLE!

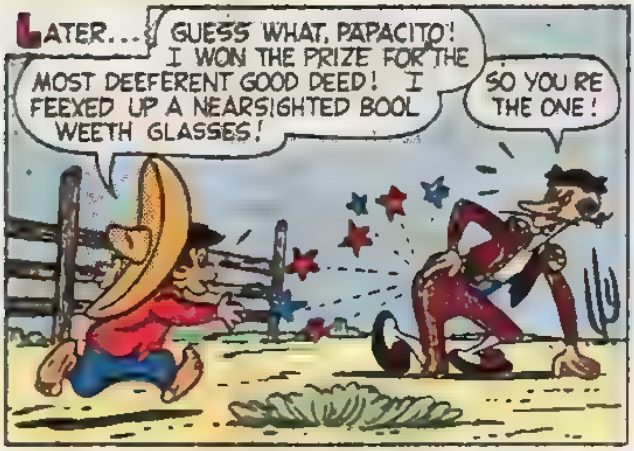

YOU KNOW WHAT I THEENK? THE POOR BOOL EES NEARSIGHTED! HE MISTOOK ME FOR CACTUS AND A SCARECROW FOR A MATADOR!

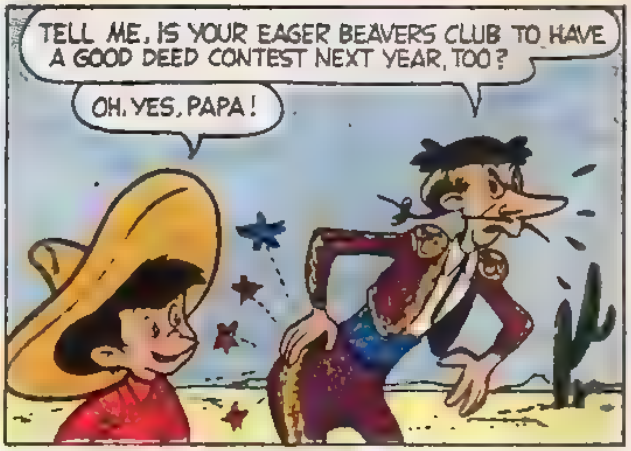

I HAVE AN IDEA FOR MY GOOD DEED! FIRST I WEEL GET SOME STRONG ROPE TO TIE UP THE BOOL, AND THEN I WEEL SEE MY FRAND SEÑOR EYE-DOCTOR EEN TOWN!


A BIT LATER...
WAKE UP, SEÑOR VANILLA! MY VAQUEROS HAVE FOUND THE BOOL!
WMF?

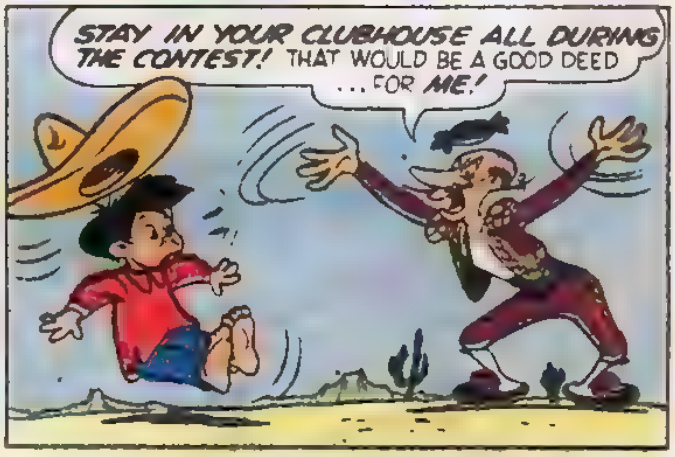

AHO! NOW I WEEL SHOW YOU SOME PLAIN AND FANCY FOOTS-WORK! HERE I AM, BOOL! COME AND GET ME!
?

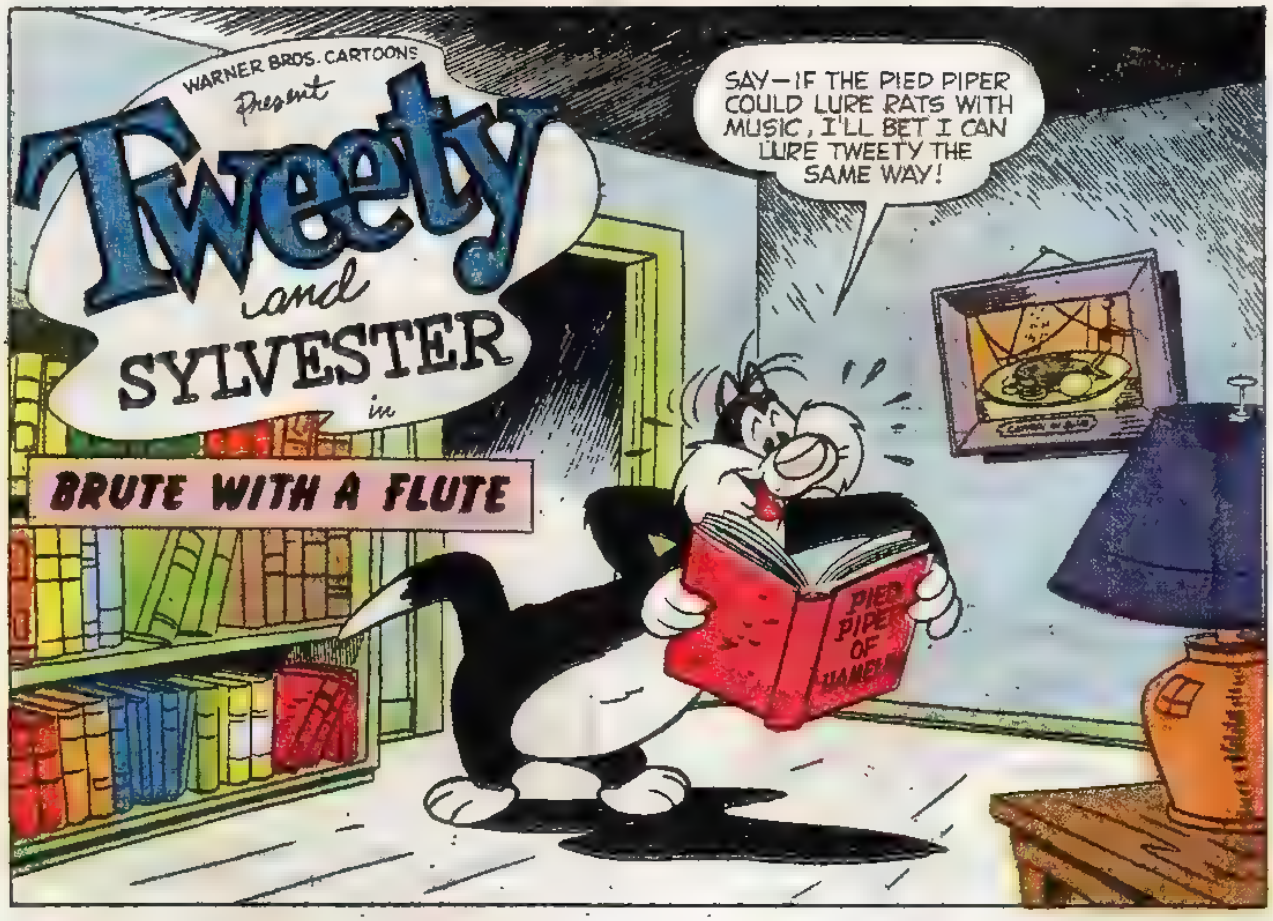

URK! G-G-GLASSES!!?!??
SNORT!

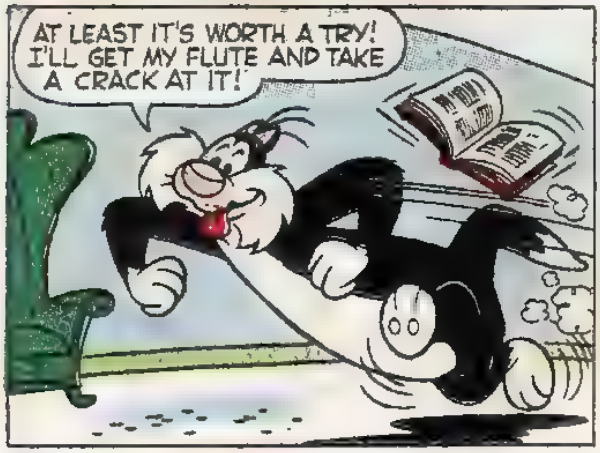

LATER...
GUESS WHAT, PAPACITO! I WON THE PRIZE FOR THE MOST DEEFERENT GOOD DEED! I FEEXED UP A NEARSIGHTED BOOL WEETH GLASSES!
SO YOU RE THE ONE!

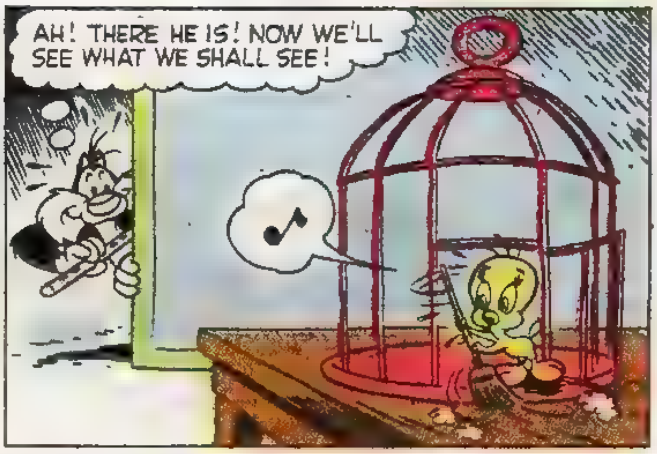

TELL ME, IS YOUR EAGER BEAVERS CLUB TO HAVE A GOOD DEED CONTEST NEXT YEAR, TOO?
OH, YES, PAPA!

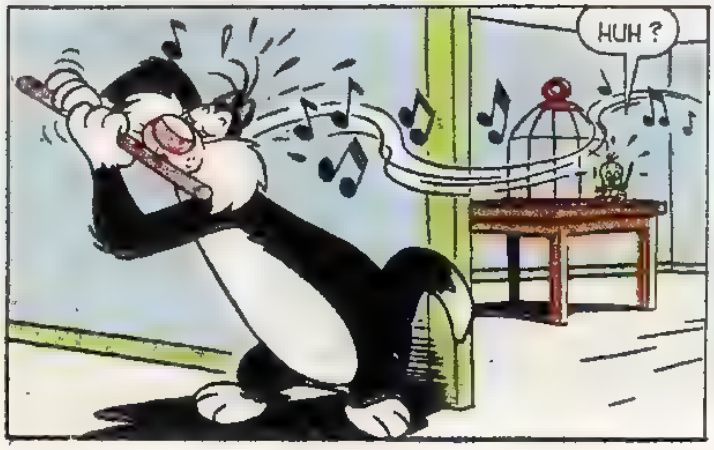
WELL, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR A REAL DEEFERENT GOOD DEED FOR YOU EAGER BEAVERS!
OH? AND WHAT IS IT, PAPACITO?

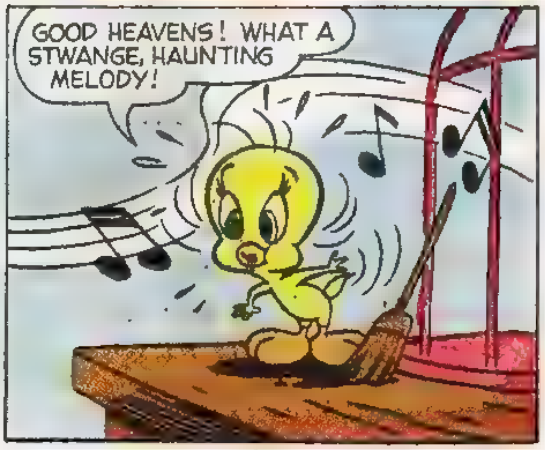

STAY IN YOUR CLUBHOUSE ALL DURING THE CONTEST! THAT WOULD BE A GOOD DEED ... FOR ME!

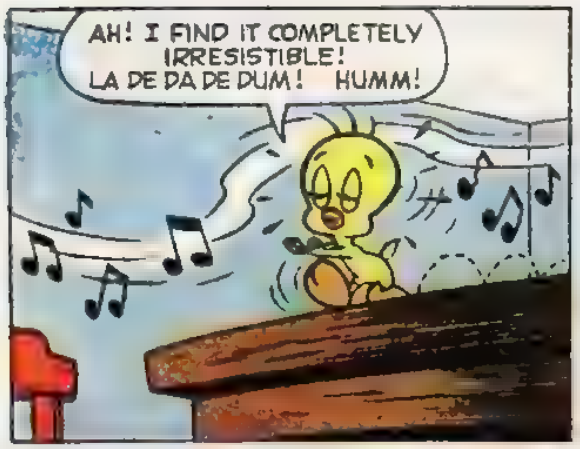

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
Present
Tweety
and
SYLVESTER
in
BRUTE WITH A FLUTE
SAY—IF THE PIED PIPER COULD LURE RATS WITH MUSIC, I'LL BET I CAN LURE TWEETY THE SAME WAY!
PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

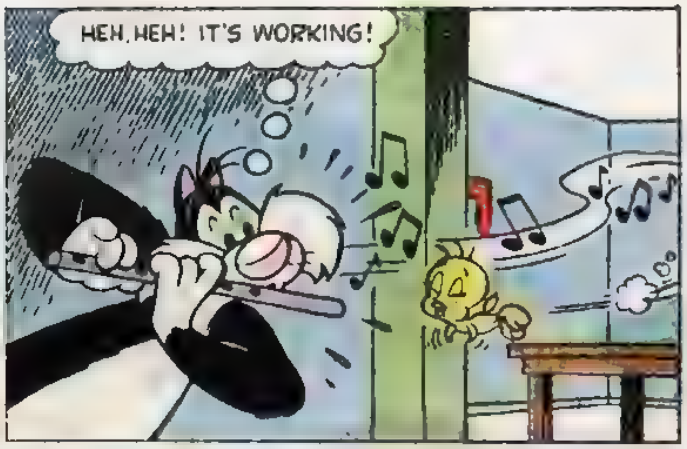

AT LEAST IT'S WORTH A TRY! I'LL GET MY FLUTE AND TAKE A CRACK AT IT!

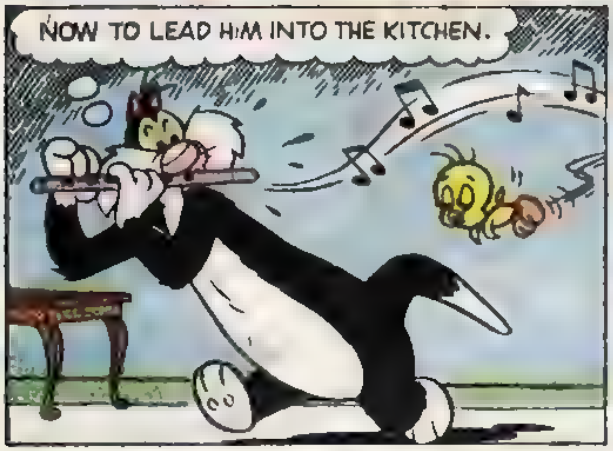

AH! THERE HE IS! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE!

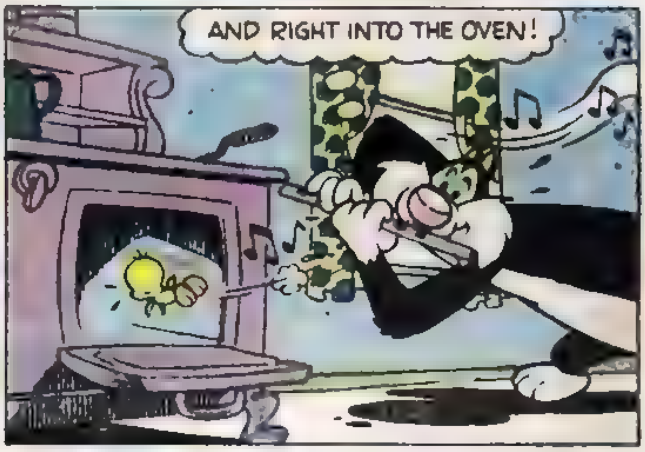

HUH?

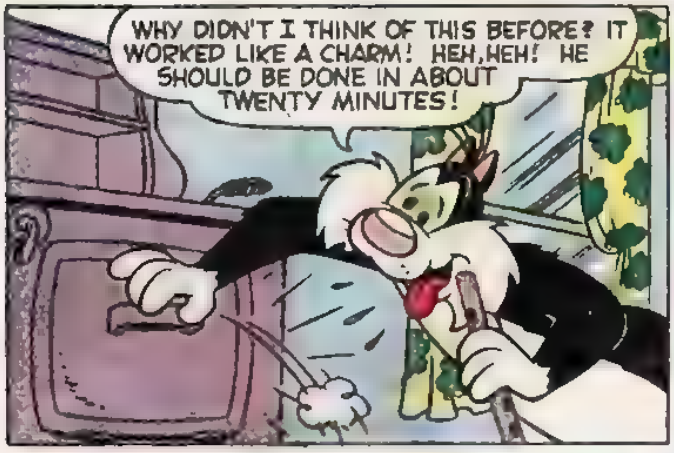

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A STWANGE, HAUNTING MELODY!

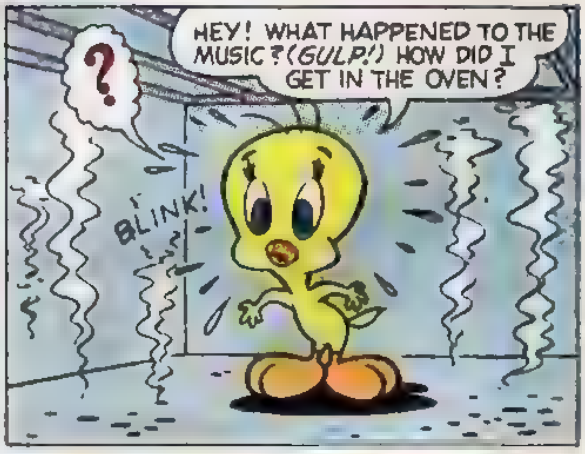

AH! I FIND IT COMPLETELY IRRESISTIBLE! LA DE DA DE DUM! HUMM!

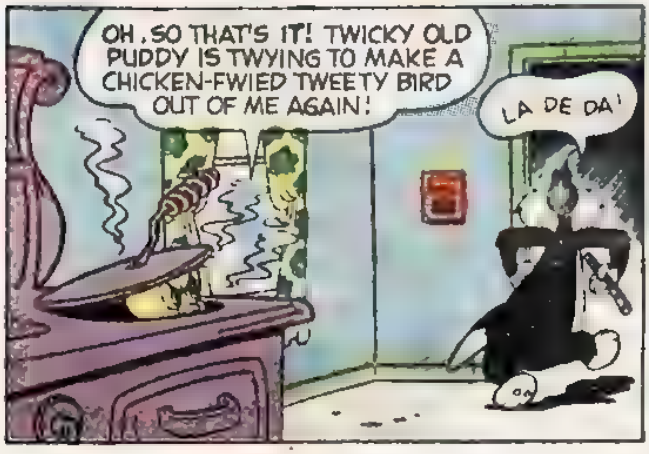

HEH, HEH! IT'S WORKING!

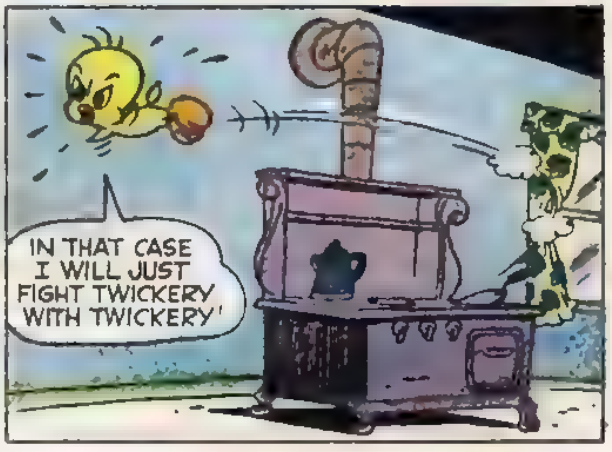

NOW TO LEAD HIM INTO THE KITCHEN.


AND RIGHT INTO THE OVEN!

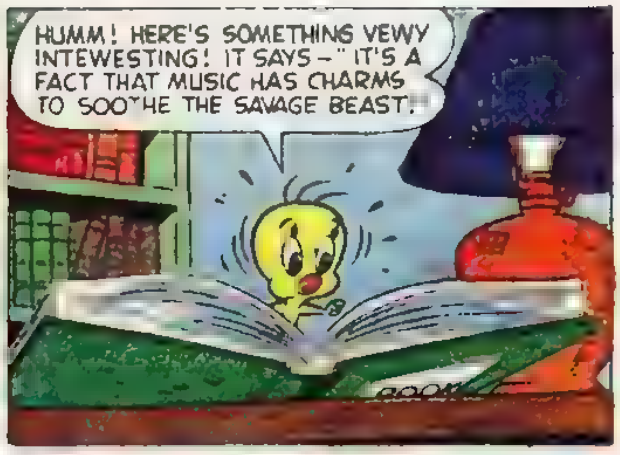

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM! HEH, HEH! HE SHOULD BE DONE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES!

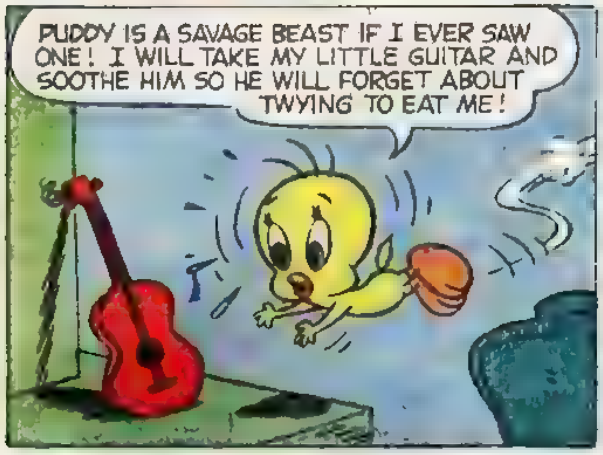

?
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUSIC? (GULP!) HOW DID I GET IN THE OVEN?
BLINK!

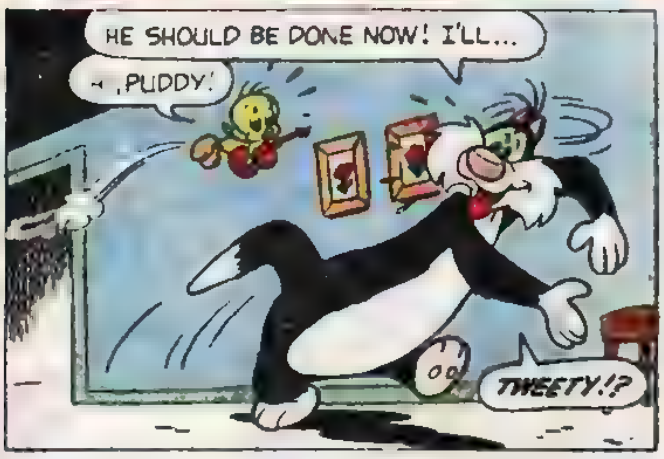

OH, SO THAT'S IT! TWICKY OLD PUDDY IS TWYING TO MAKE A CHICKEN-FWIED TWEETY BIRD OUT OF ME AGAIN!
LA DE DA!

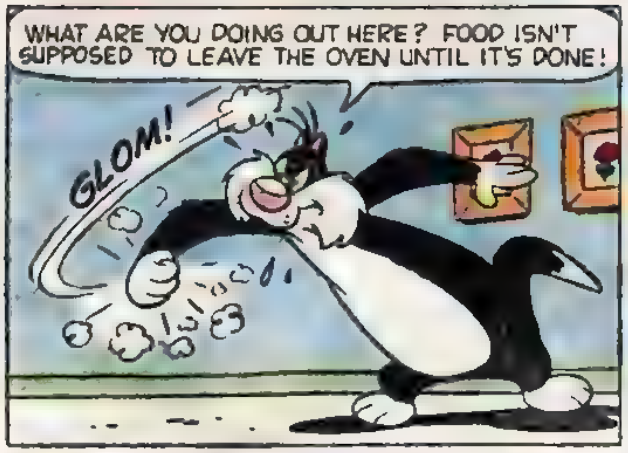

IN THAT CASE I WILL JUST FIGHT TWICKERY WITH TWICKERY!

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND THE ANSWER TO MY PWOBLEM IN HERE!
BOOK OF FACTS

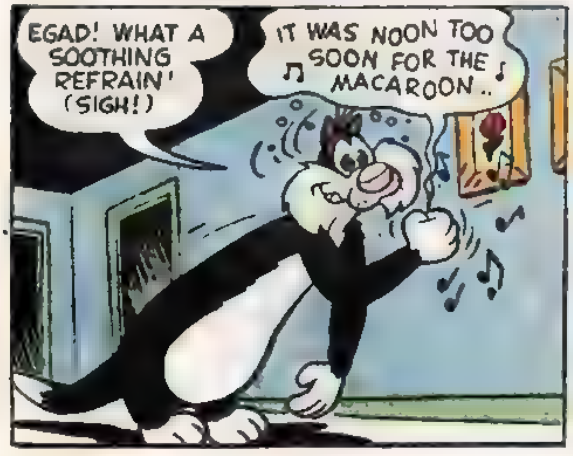

HUMM! HERE'S SOMETHING VEWY INTEWESTING! IT SAYS – "IT'S A FACT THAT MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST."

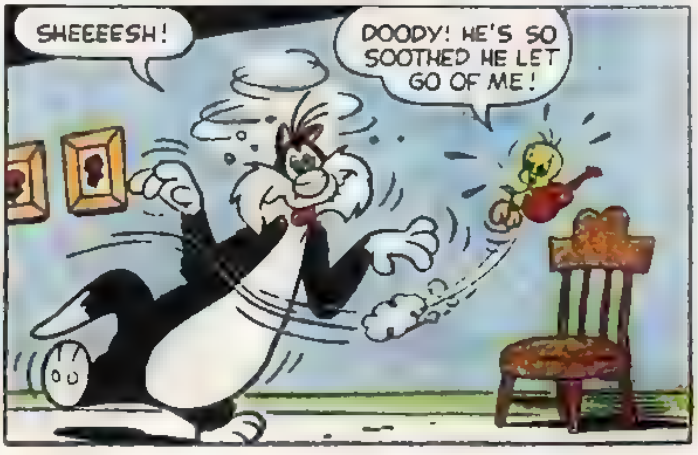

PUDDY IS A SAVAGE BEAST IF I EVER SAW ONE! I WILL TAKE MY LITTLE GUITAR AND SOOTHE HIM SO HE WILL FORGET ABOUT TWYING TO EAT ME!

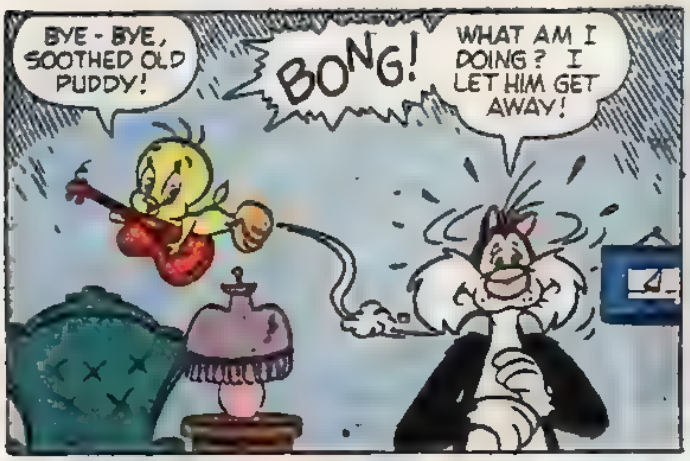

HE SHOULD BE DONE NOW! I'LL...
PUDDY!
TWEETY!?

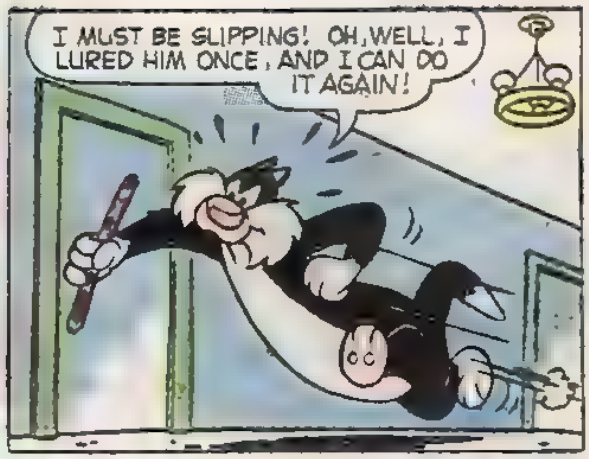

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? FOOD ISN'T SUPPOSED TO LEAVE THE OVEN UNTIL IT'S DONE!
GLOM!

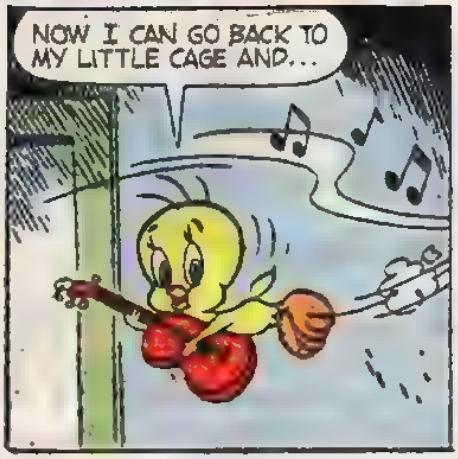
I WON'T TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES! I'LL JUST HUH?
ONE NIGHT IN JUNE, BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON- I SANG THIS TUNE TO A BIG BABOON...

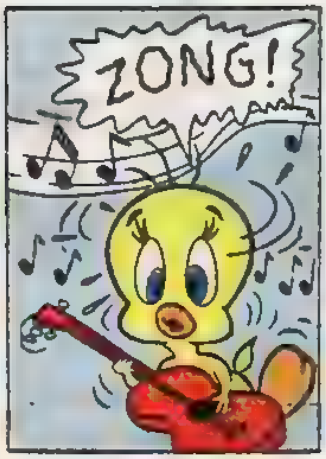

EGAD! WHAT A SOOTHING REFRAIN! (SIGH!)
IT WAS NOON TOO SOON FOR THE MACAROON..

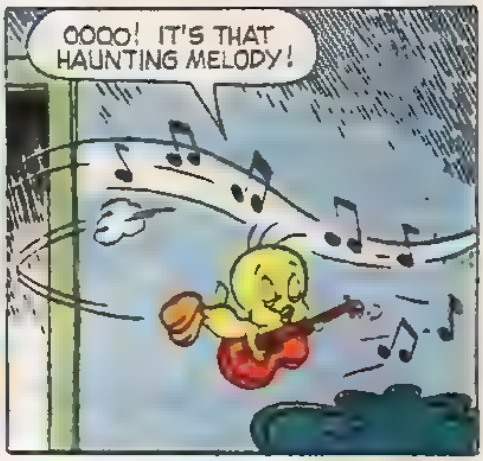

SHEEEESH!
DOODY! HE'S SO SOOTHED HE LET GO OF ME!

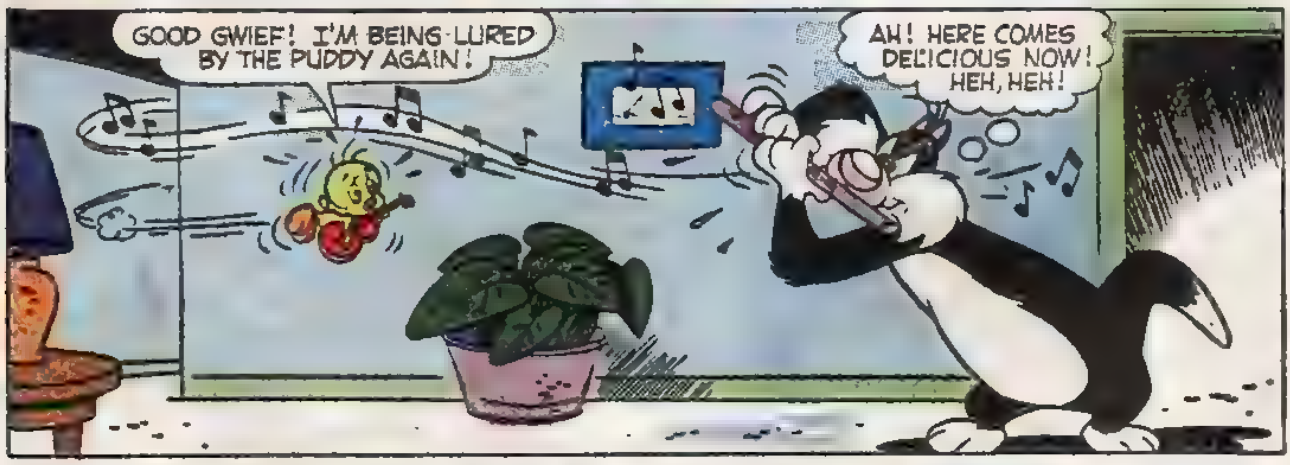

BYE - BYE, SOOTHED OLD PUDDY!
BONG!
WHAT AM I DOING? I LET HIM GET AWAY!

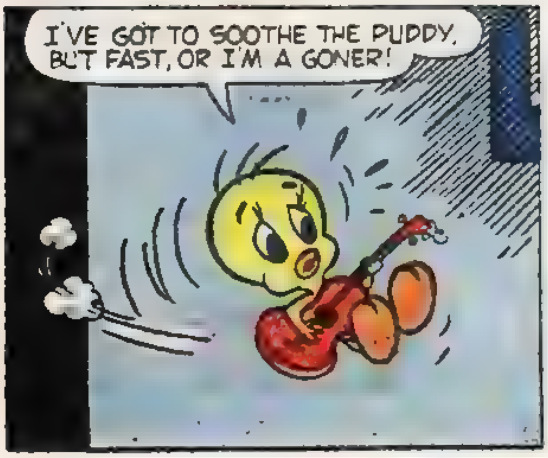

I MUST BE SLIPPING! OH, WELL, I LURED HIM ONCE, AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

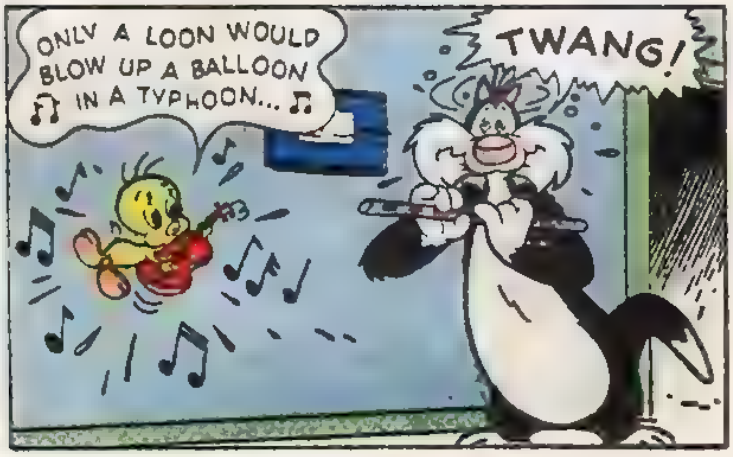

NOW I CAN GO BACK TO MY LITTLE CAGE AND...

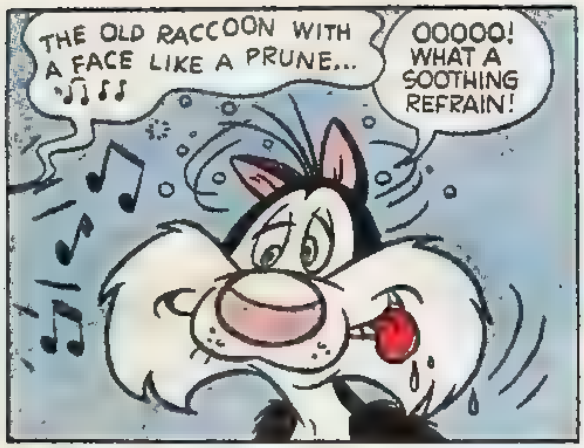

ZONG!

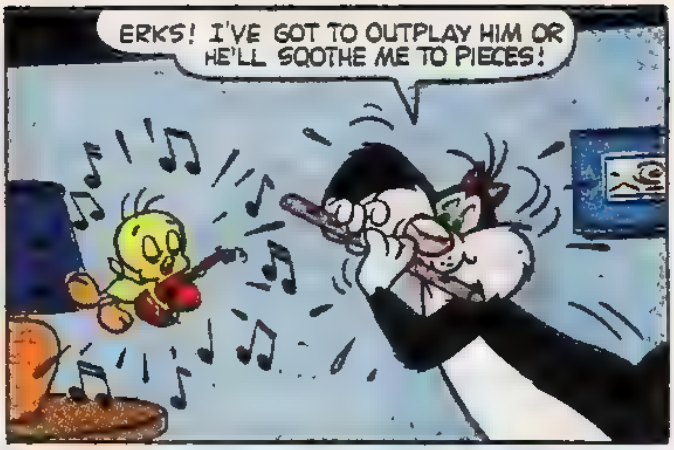

OOOO! IT'S THAT HAUNTING MELODY!

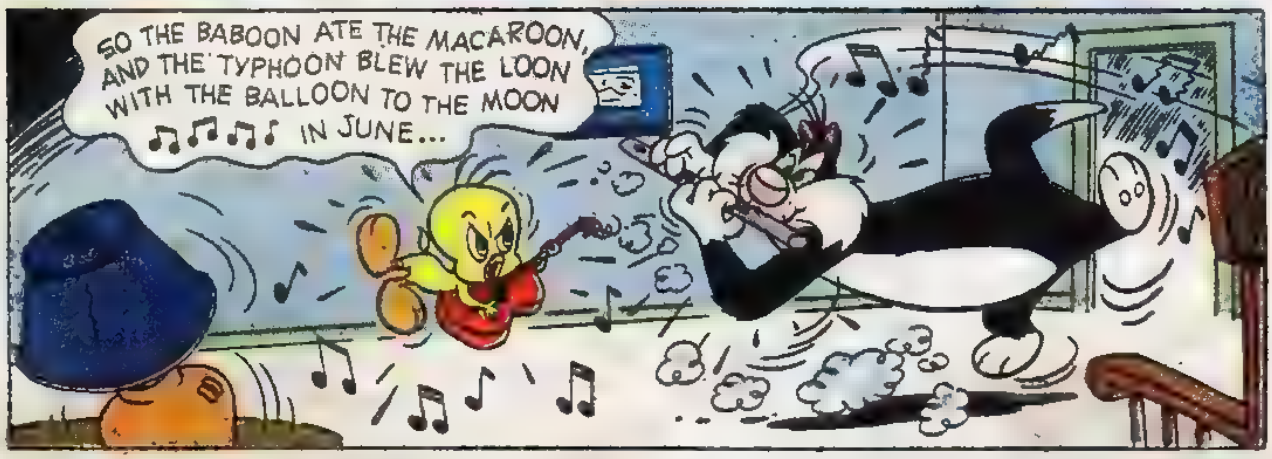

GOOD GWIEF! I'M BEING LURED BY THE PUDDY AGAIN!
AH! HERE COMES DELICIOUS NOW! HEH, HEH!

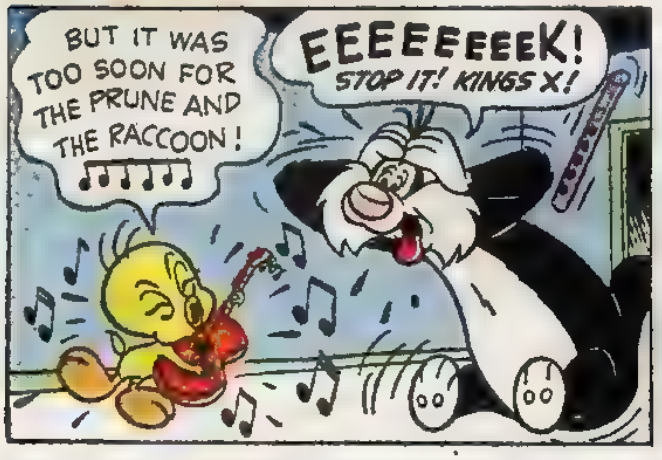

I'VE GOT TO SOOTHE THE PUDDY, BUT FAST, OR I'M A GONER!

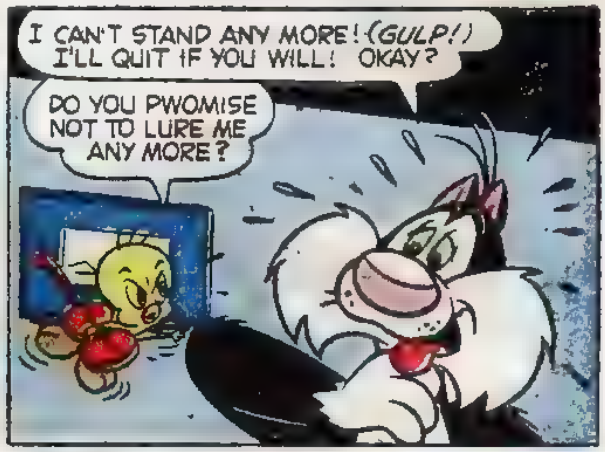

ONLY A LOON WOULD BLOW UP A BALLOON ♫ IN A TYPHOON... ♫
TWANG!


THE OLD RACCOON WITH A FACE LIKE A PRUNE...
OOOOO! WHAT A SOOTHING REFRAIN!

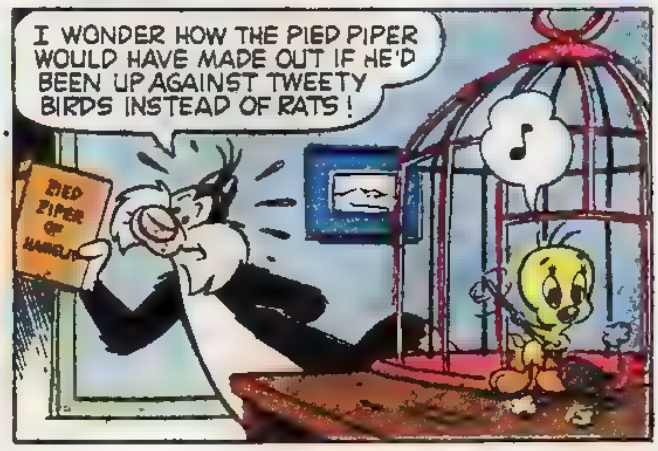

ERKS! I'VE GOT TO OUTPLAY HIM OR HE'LL SOOTHE ME TO PIECES!

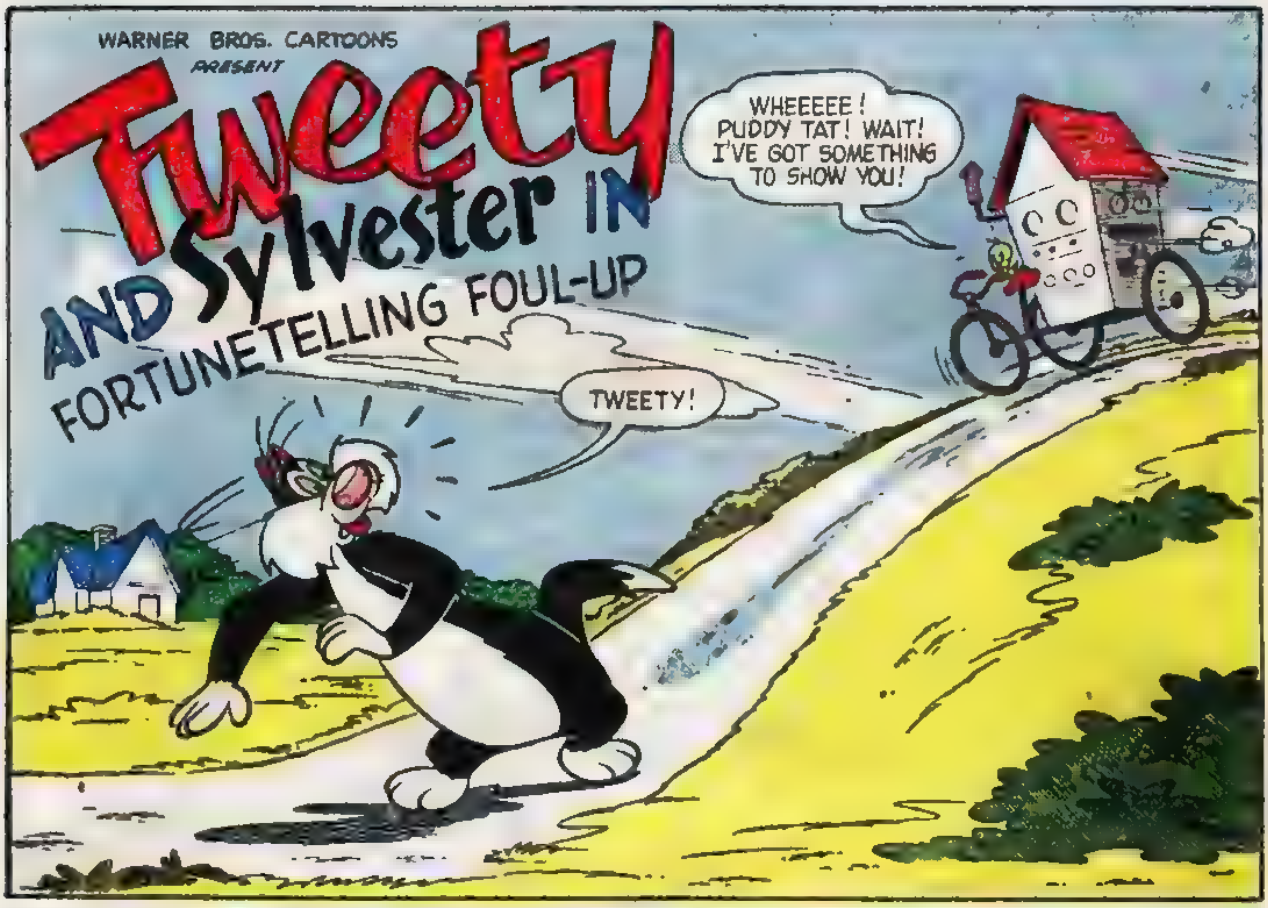

SO THE BABOON ATE THE MACAROON, AND THE TYPHOON BLEW THE LOON WITH THE BALLOON TO THE MOON IN JUNE...

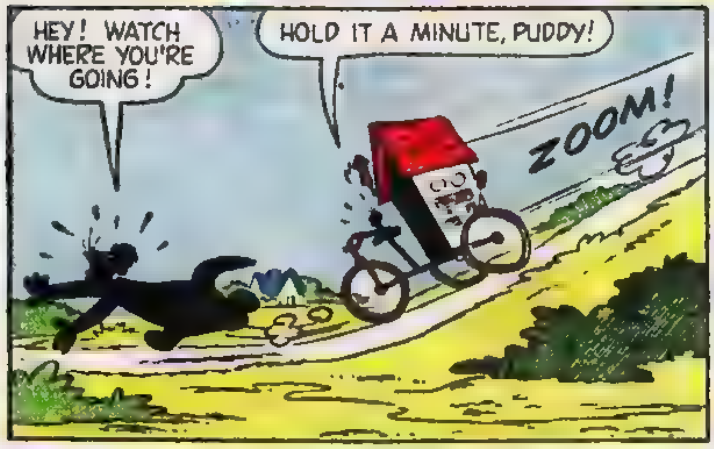

BUT IT WAS TOO SOON FOR THE PRUNE AND THE RACCOON!
EEEEEEEEEK!
STOP IT! KINGS X!

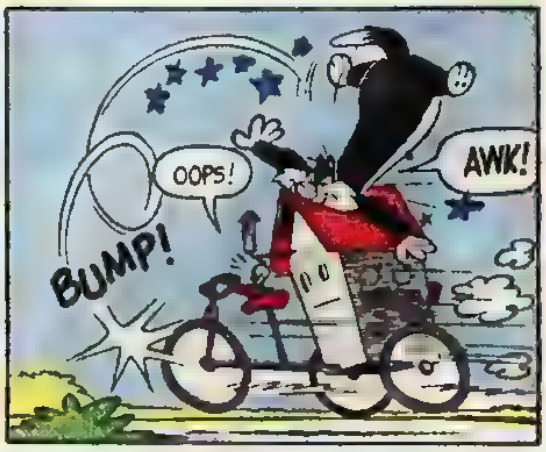

I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE! (GULP!) I'LL QUIT IF YOU WILL! OKAY?
DO YOU PWOMISE NOT TO LURE ME ANY MORE?

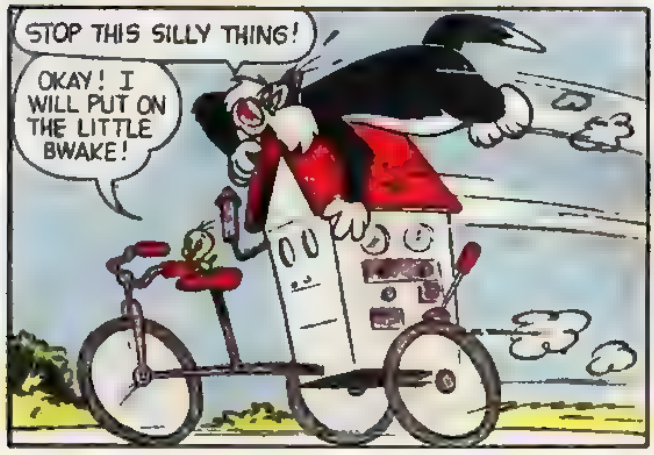
YES, YES! ANYTHING YOU SAY! JUST DON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE OF THAT JUNE-MOON-BABOON BUSINESS!
OKAY! IT'S A DEAL!

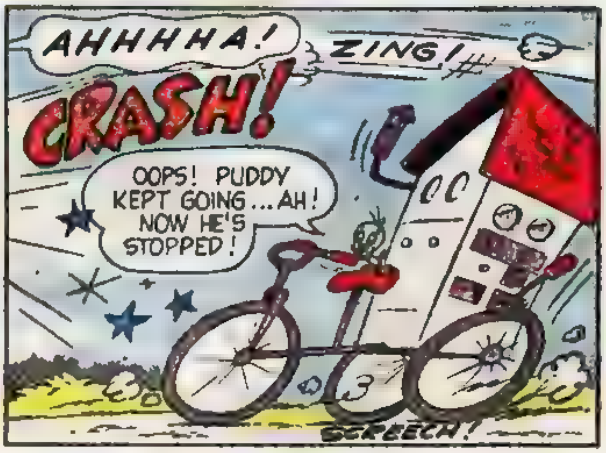

I WONDER HOW THE PIED PIPER WOULD HAVE MADE OUT IF HE'D BEEN UP AGAINST TWEETY BIRDS INSTEAD OF RATS!
PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

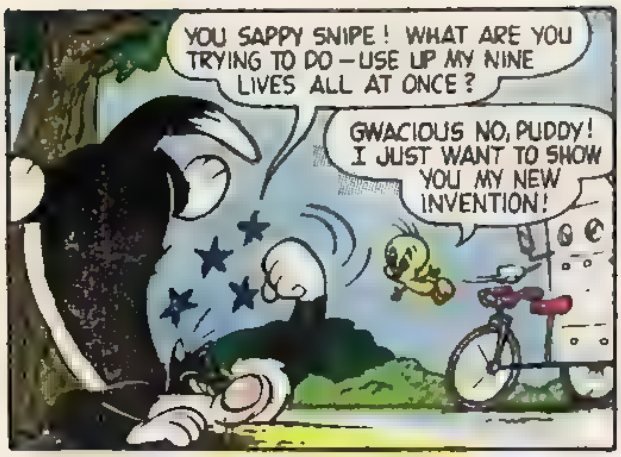

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT
Tweety AND Sylvester IN
FORTUNETELLING FOUL-UP
WHEEEEE! PUDDY TAT! WAIT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
TWEETY!

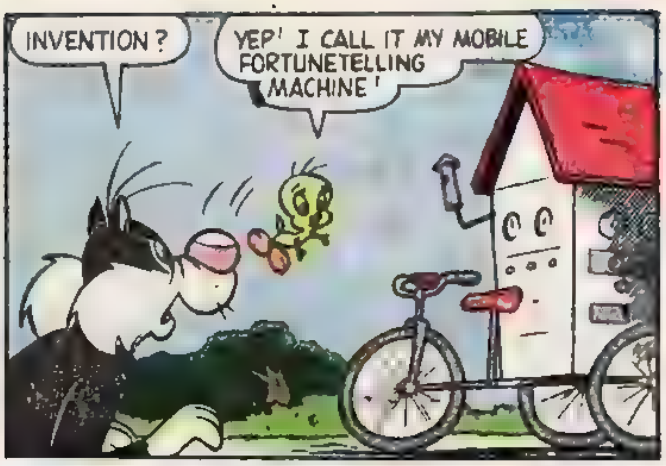

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
HOLD IT A MINUTE, PUDDY!
ZOOM!

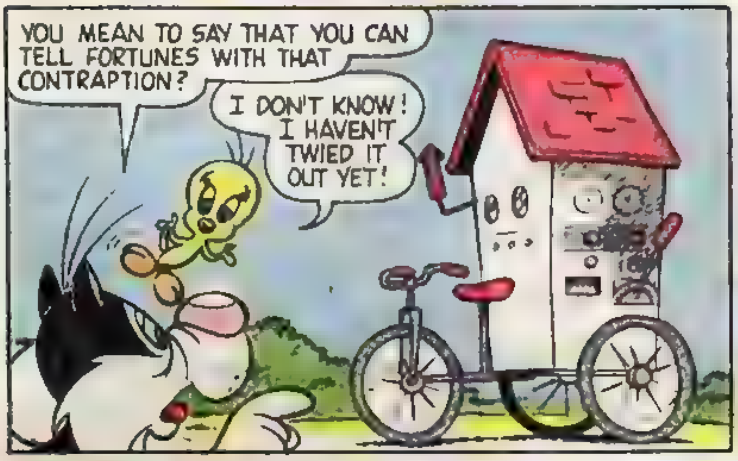

OOPS!
AWK!
BUMP!


STOP THIS SILLY THING!
OKAY! I WILL PUT ON THE LITTLE BWAKE!

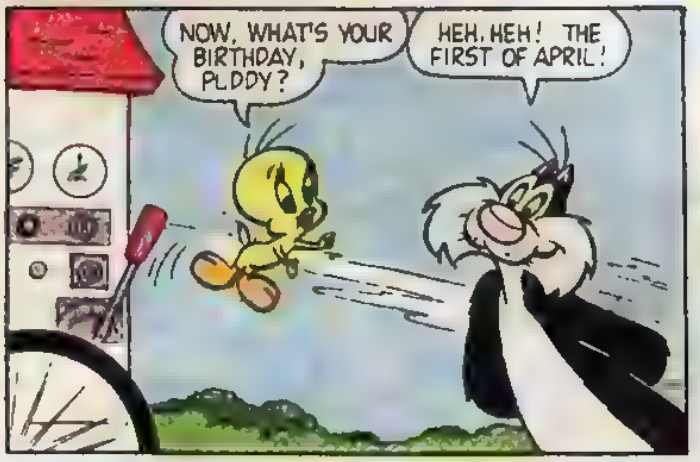

AHHHHA!
ZING!
CRASH!
OOPS! PUDDY KEPT GOING... AH! NOW HE'S STOPPED!
SCREECH!

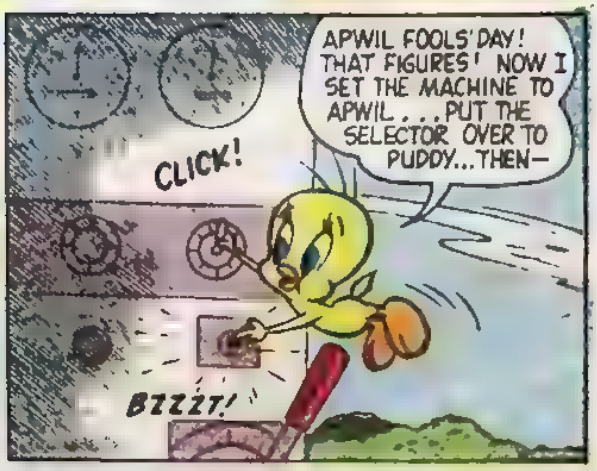

YOU SAPPY SNIPE! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO—USE UP MY NINE LIVES ALL AT ONCE?
GWACIOUS NO, PUDDY! I JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU MY NEW INVENTION!

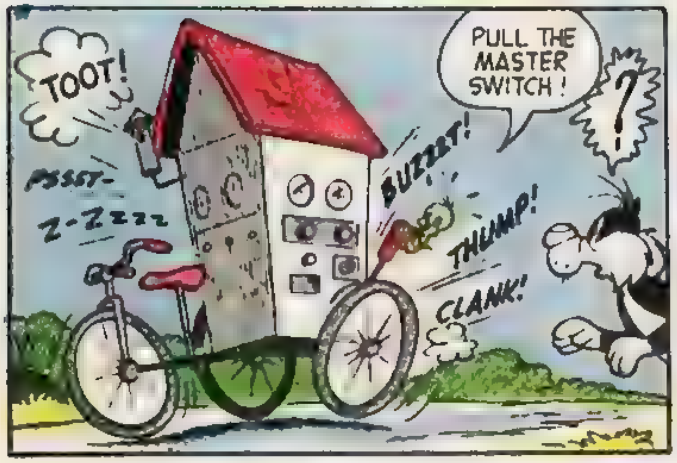

INVENTION?
YEP! I CALL IT MY MOBILE FORTUNETELLING MACHINE!

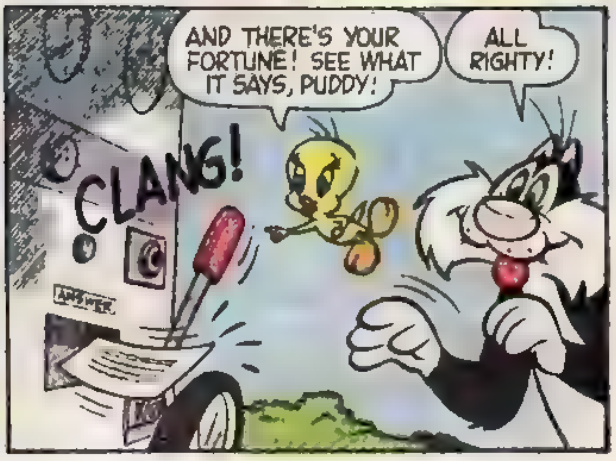

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU CAN TELL FORTUNES WITH THAT CONTRAPTION?
I DON'T KNOW! I HAVEN'T TWIED IT OUT YET!

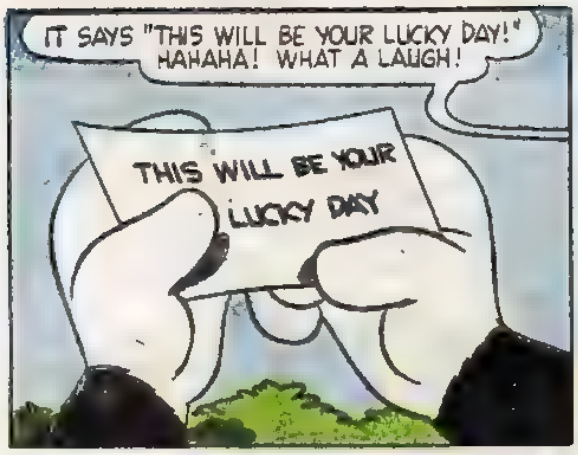
BUT THAT'S WHY I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU! I'M GOING TO LET YOU BE MY FIRST CUSTOMER ...FOR FWEE! COME ON!
HA, HA, HA! FORTUNE-TELLING MACHINE! WHAT A SILLY IDEA!

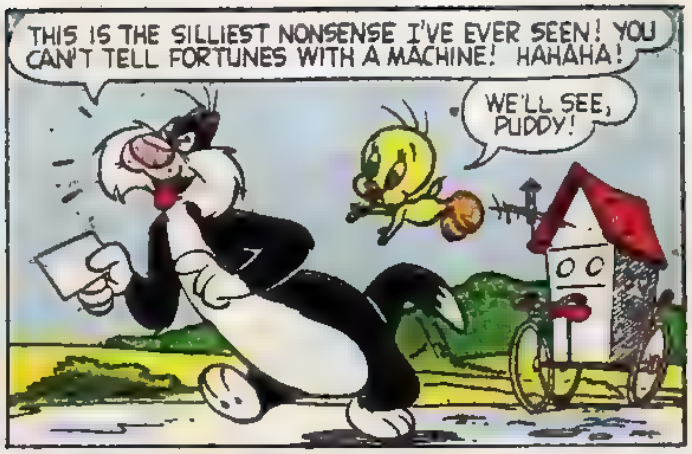

NOW, WHAT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY, PUDDY?
HEH, HEH! THE FIRST OF APRIL!

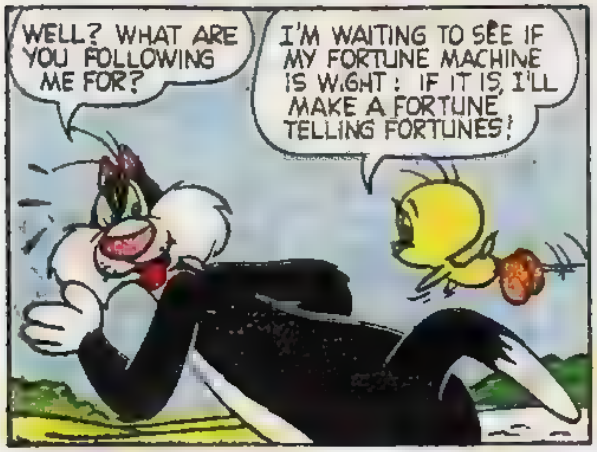

APWIL FOOLS' DAY! THAT FIGURES! NOW I SET THE MACHINE TO APWIL... PUT THE SELECTOR OVER TO PUDDY...THEN—
CLICK!
BZZZT!

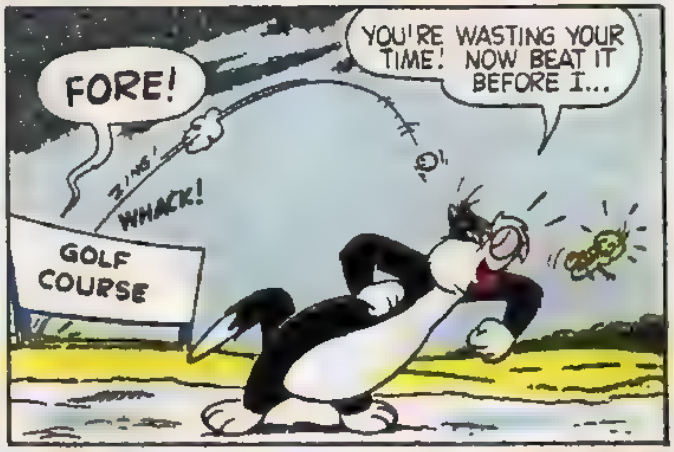

TOOT!
PSSST-
Z-ZZZZ
PULL THE MASTER SWITCH!
?
BUZZZT!
THUMP!
CLANK!

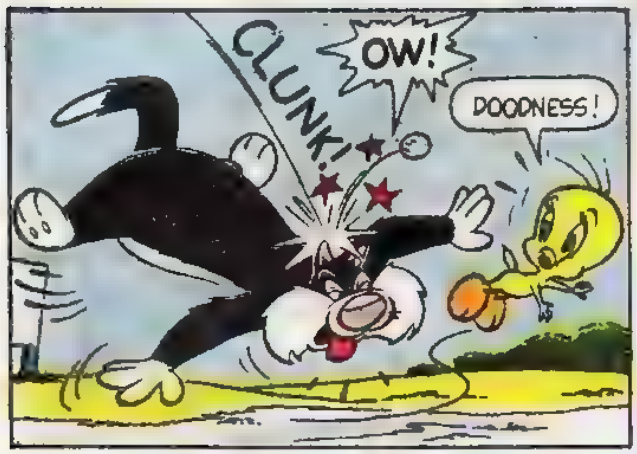

AND THERE'S YOUR FORTUNE! SEE WHAT IT SAYS, PUDDY!
ALL RIGHTY!
CLANG!
ANSWER

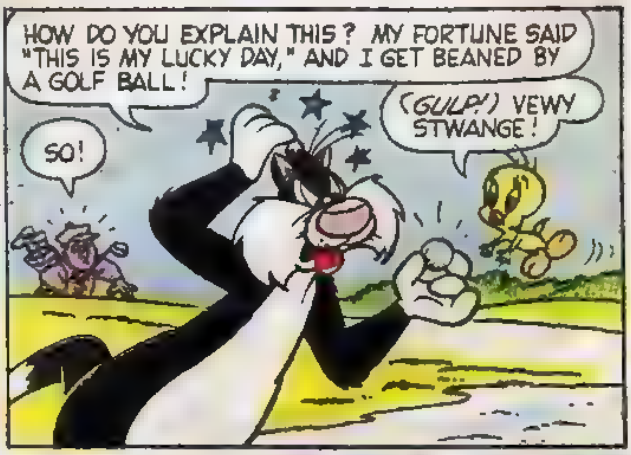

IT SAYS "THIS WILL BE YOUR LUCKY DAY!" HAHAHA! WHAT A LAUGH!
THIS WILL BE YOUR LUCKY DAY

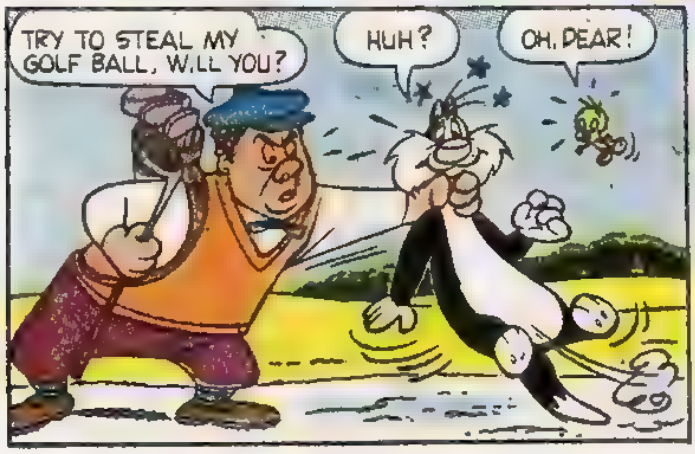

THIS IS THE SILLIEST NONSENSE I'VE EVER SEEN! YOU CAN'T TELL FORTUNES WITH A MACHINE! HAHAHA!
WE'LL SEE, PUDDY!

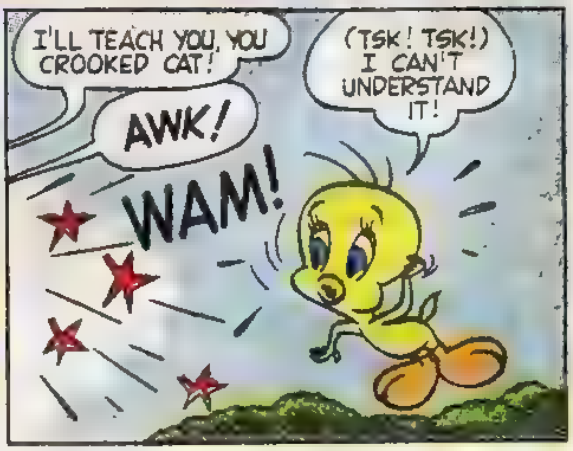

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME FOR?
I'M WAITING TO SEE IF MY FORTUNE MACHINE IS W.GHT: IF IT IS, I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE TELLING FORTUNES!

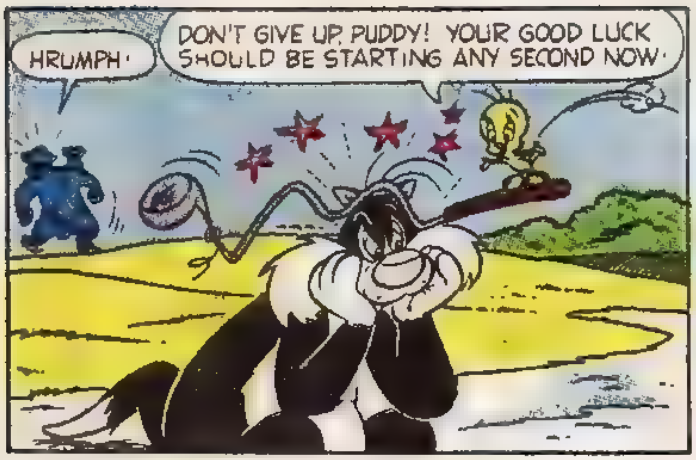

FORE!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! NOW BEAT IT BEFORE I...
ZING!
WHACK!
GOLF COURSE

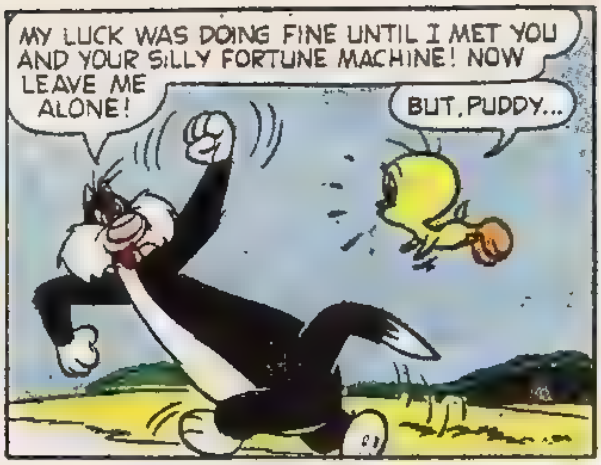

CLUNK!
OW!
DOODNESS!

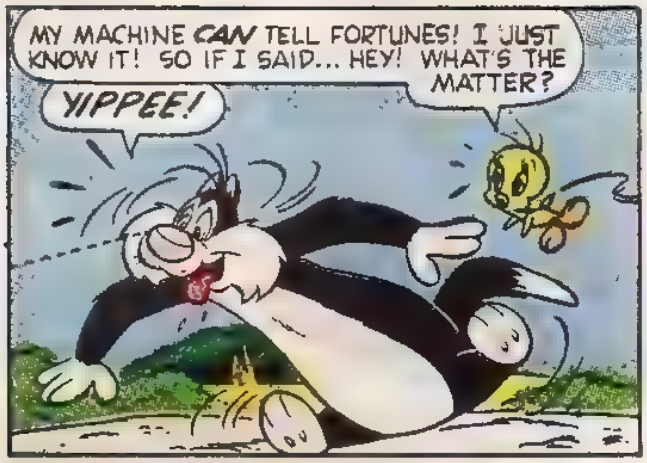

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS? MY FORTUNE SAID "THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY," AND I GET BEANED BY A GOLF BALL!
SO!
(GULP!) VEWY STWANGE!

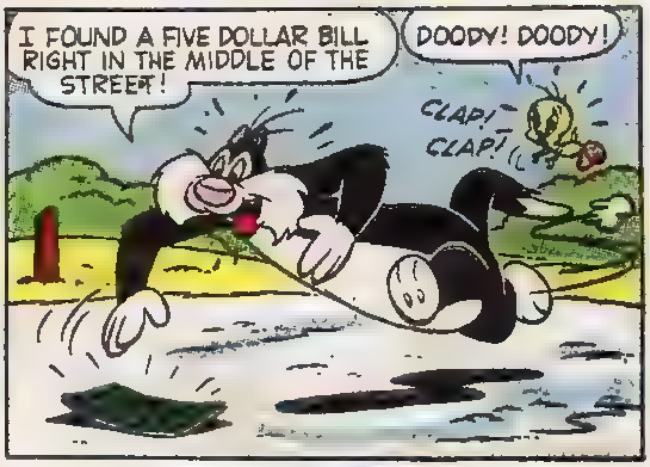

TRY TO STEAL MY GOLF BALL, W.LL YOU?
HUH?
OH, DEAR!

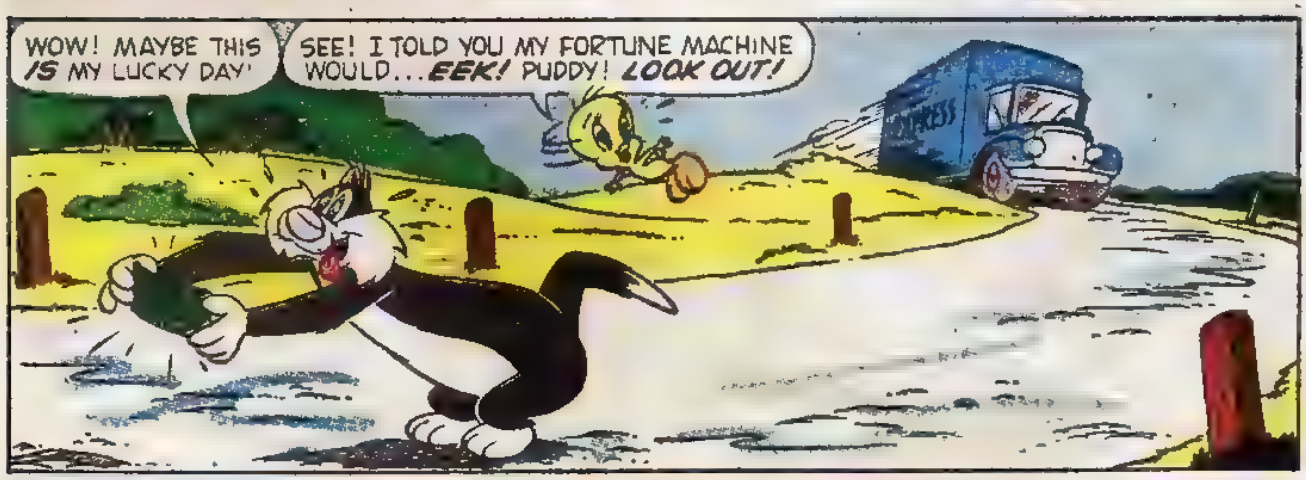

I'LL TEACH YOU, YOU CROOKED CAT!
AWK!
WAM!
(TSK! TSK!) I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

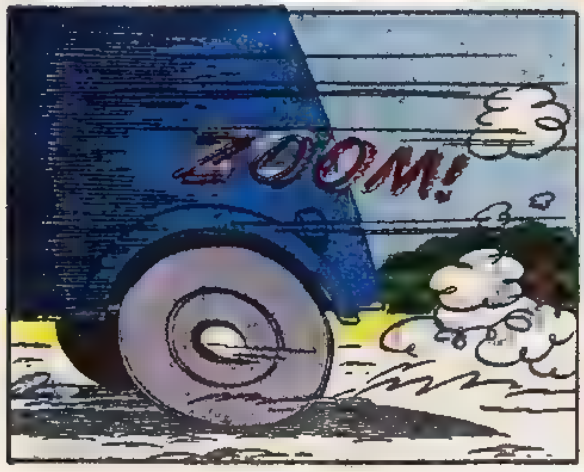

HRUMPH·
DON'T GIVE UP, PUDDY! YOUR GOOD LUCK SHOULD BE STARTING ANY SECOND NOW·

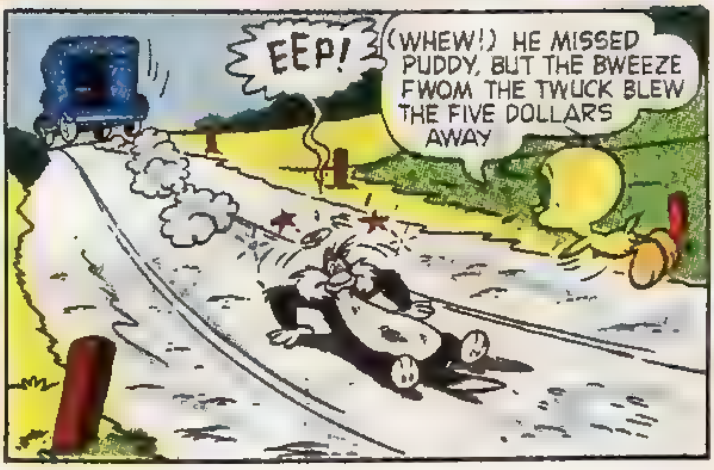

MY LUCK WAS DOING FINE UNTIL I MET YOU AND YOUR SILLY FORTUNE MACHINE! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!
BUT, PUDDY...

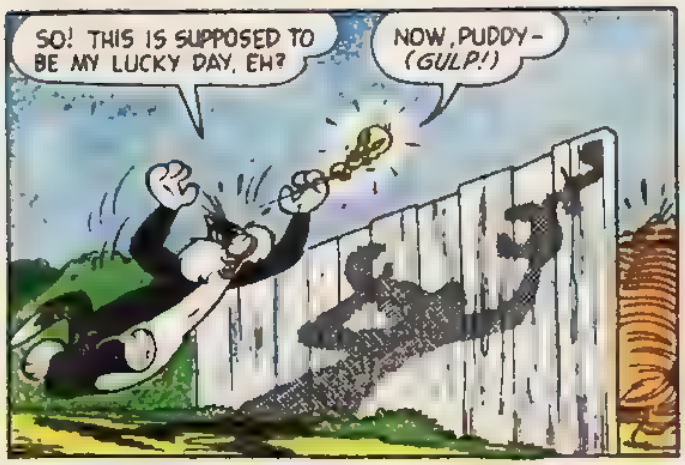

MY MACHINE CAN TELL FORTUNES! I JUST KNOW IT! SO IF I SAID... HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YIPPEE!

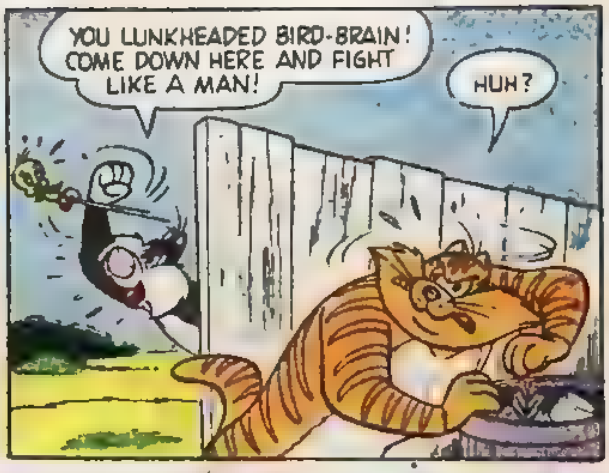

I FOUND A FIVE DOLLAR BILL RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET!
DOODY! DOODY!
CLAP! CLAP!

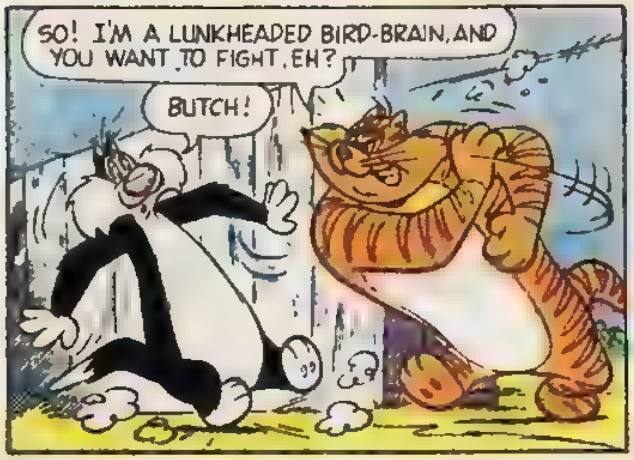

WOW! MAYBE THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY·
SEE! I TOLD YOU MY FORTUNE MACHINE WOULD... EEK! PUDDY! LOOK OUT!


ZOOM!


EEP!
(WHEW!) HE MISSED PUDDY, BUT THE BWEEZE FWOM THE TWUCK BLEW THE FIVE DOLLARS AWAY

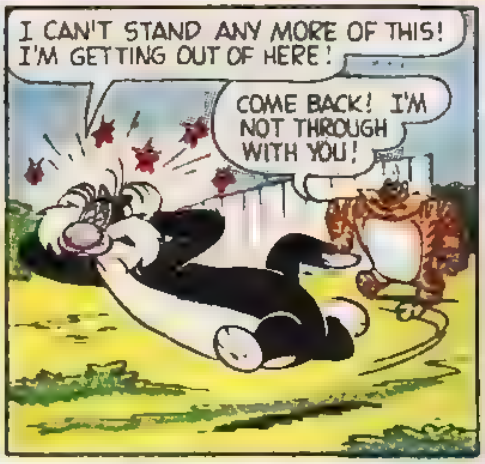

SO! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE MY LUCKY DAY, EH?
NOW, PUDDY- (GULP!)

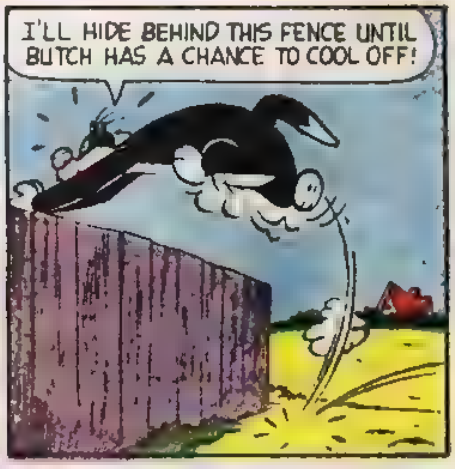

YOU LUNKHEADED BIRD-BRAIN! COME DOWN HERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
HUH?

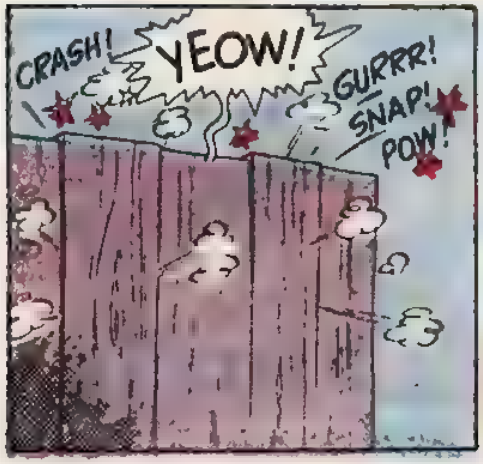

SO! I'M A LUNKHEADED BIRD-BRAIN, AND YOU WANT TO FIGHT, EH?
BUTCH!

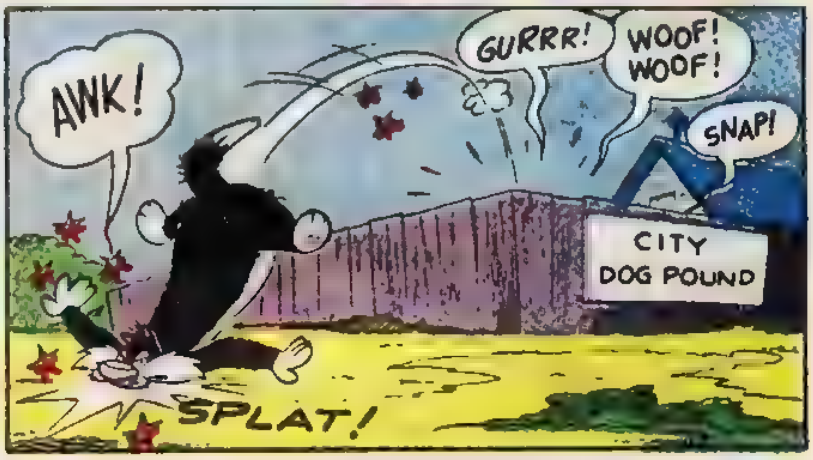
NO! NO! I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, BUTCH! I WAS JUST..
YOU CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS! YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURS!

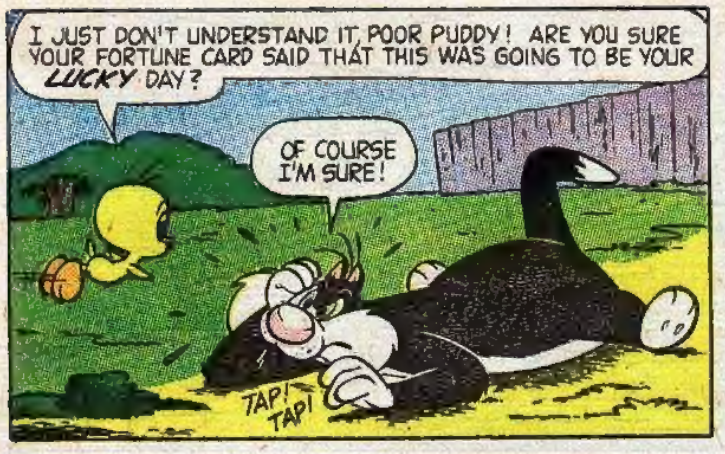
POW!
THUD!
SOCK!
CRASH!
BANG!

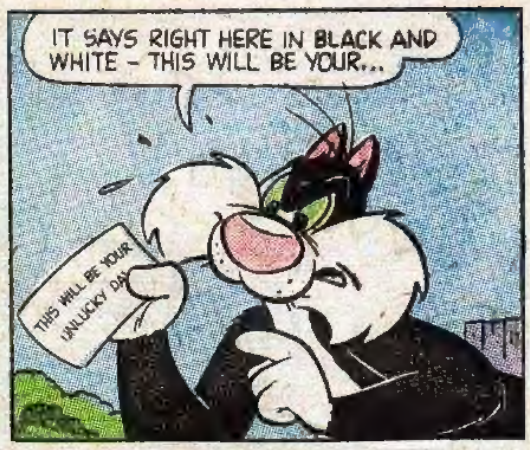

I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
COME BACK! I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU!

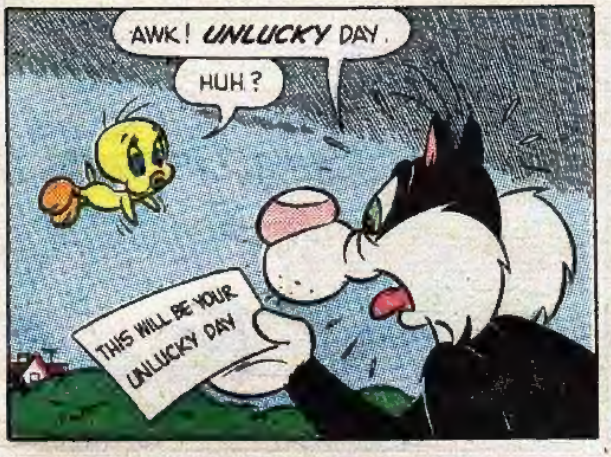

I'LL HIDE BEHIND THIS FENCE UNTIL BUTCH HAS A CHANCE TO COOL OFF!

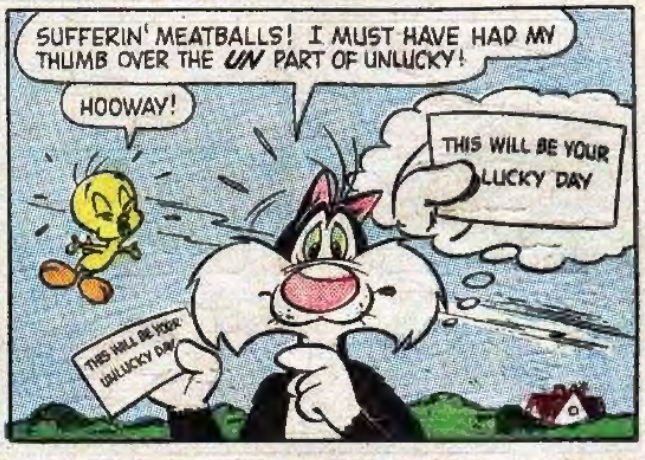

CRASH!
YEOW!
GURRR!
SNAP!
POW!

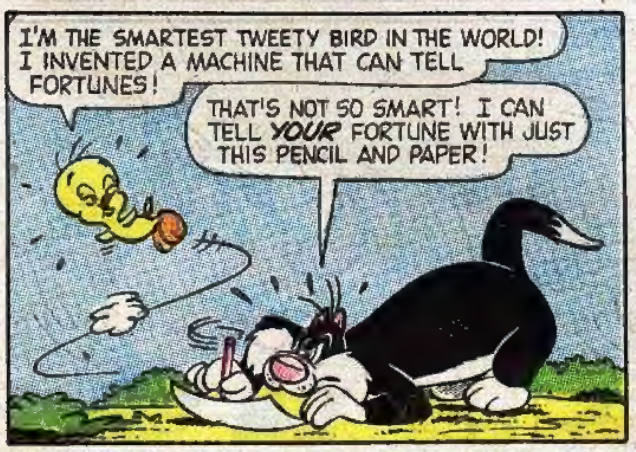

AWK!
GURRR!
WOOF! WOOF!
SNAP!
CITY DOG POUND
SPLAT!


I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, POOR PUDDY! ARE YOU SURE YOUR FORTUNE CARD SAID THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE YOUR LUCKY DAY?
OF COURSE I'M SURE!
TAP! TAP!


IT SAYS RIGHT HERE IN BLACK AND WHITE – THIS WILL BE YOUR...
THIS WILL BE YOUR UNLUCKY DAY

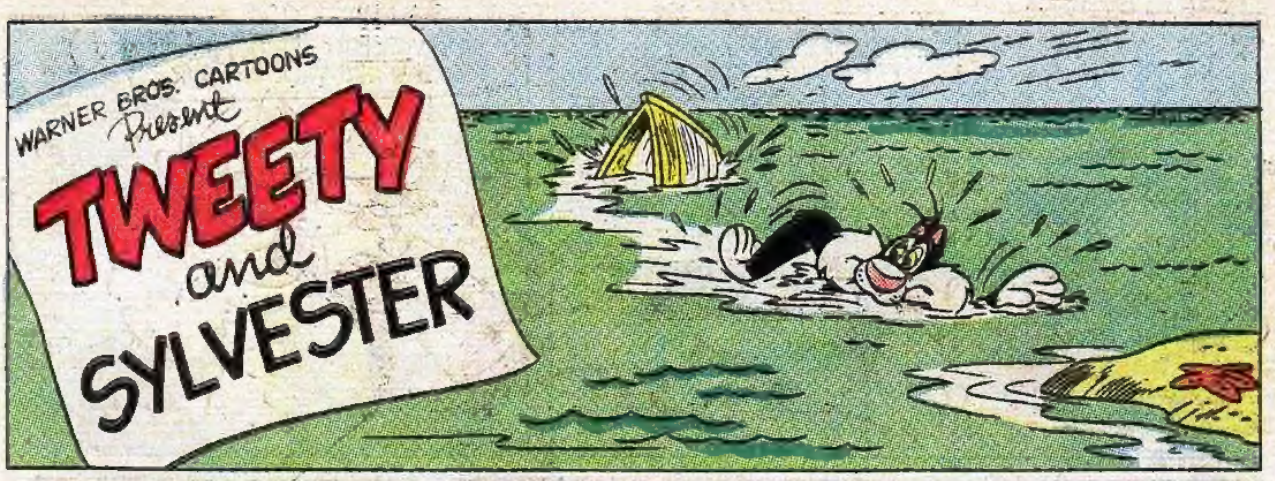

AWK! UNLUCKY DAY.
HUH?
THIS WILL BE YOUR UNLUCKY DAY

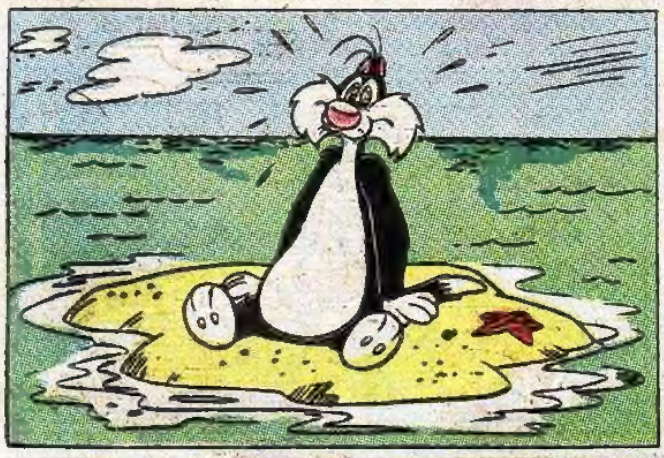

SUFFERIN' MEATBALLS! I MUST HAVE HAD MY THUMB OVER THE UN PART OF UNLUCKY!
HOOWAY!
THIS WILL BE YOUR LUCKY DAY
THIS WILL BE YOUR UNLUCKY DAY

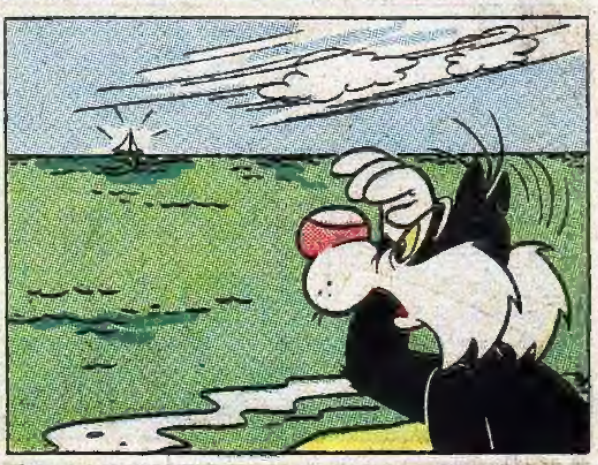

I'M THE SMARTEST TWEETY BIRD IN THE WORLD! I INVENTED A MACHINE THAT CAN TELL FORTUNES!
THAT'S NOT SO SMART! I CAN TELL YOUR FORTUNE WITH JUST THIS PENCIL AND PAPER!

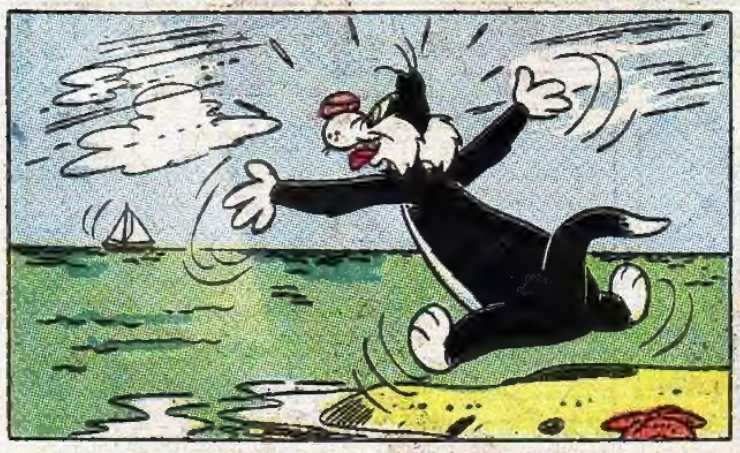
BUT THIS IS SILLY! I'M NOT GOING ON A LONG TWIP!
OH, NO?
YOU WILL TAKE A LONG TRIP–

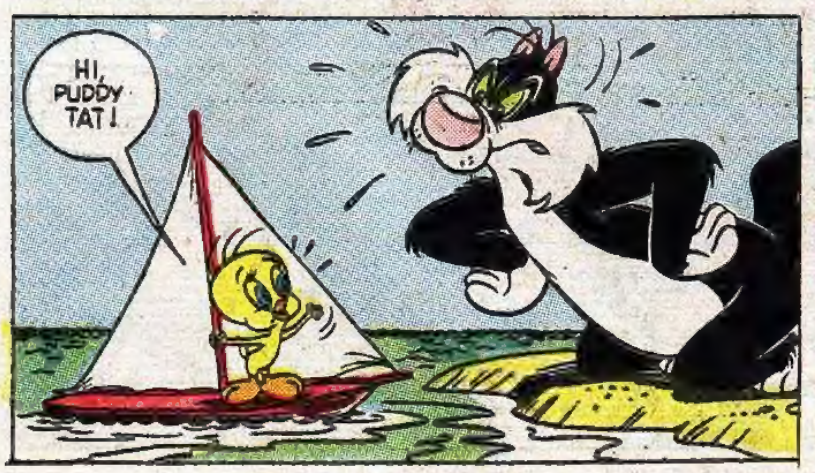
AND SO...
ALASKA POST OFFICE
I DON'T GET IT, ED! WHY WOULD ANYBODY MAIL A TWEETY BIRD TO ALASKA?
YOU'VE GOT ME!
CHATTER! CHATTER!
TO ALASKA ONE WAY











A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" *is our only credo and constant goal.*

JUICY FRUIT GUM
PRESENTS

HAVE FUN SAFELY

DON'T GET HURT

NEVER dive until you've checked with a long pole for depth, hidden rocks or logs.

NEVER swim when tired, overheated or chilled.

NEVER swim where there's a fast current or undertow.

NEVER duck or rough-house anyone in the water.

NEVER swim after eating a big meal.

BE SMART—PLAY SAFE

ALWAYS stay reasonably close to the shore.

ALWAYS swim where there's a lifeguard, if possible.

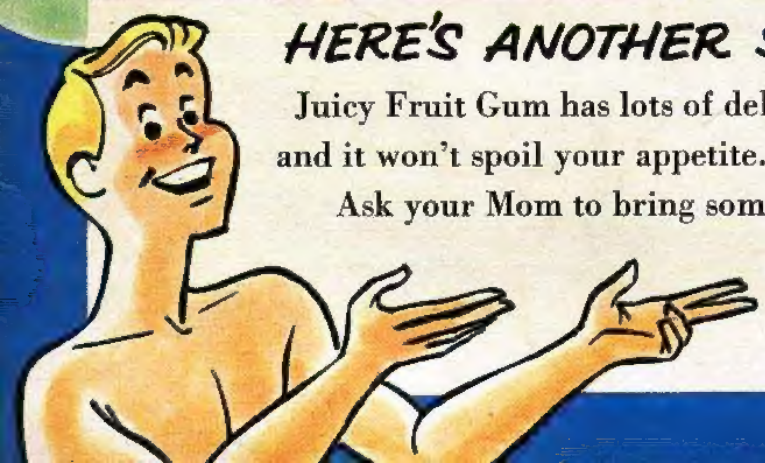
ALWAYS swim with a "buddy."

ALWAYS "ease in" when the water is cold, instead of jumping or diving in.

ALWAYS dry off with a towel when you come out of the water.

HERE'S ANOTHER SMART IDEA...

Juicy Fruit Gum has lots of delicious flavor—
and it won't spoil your appetite.
Ask your Mom to bring some home.



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